

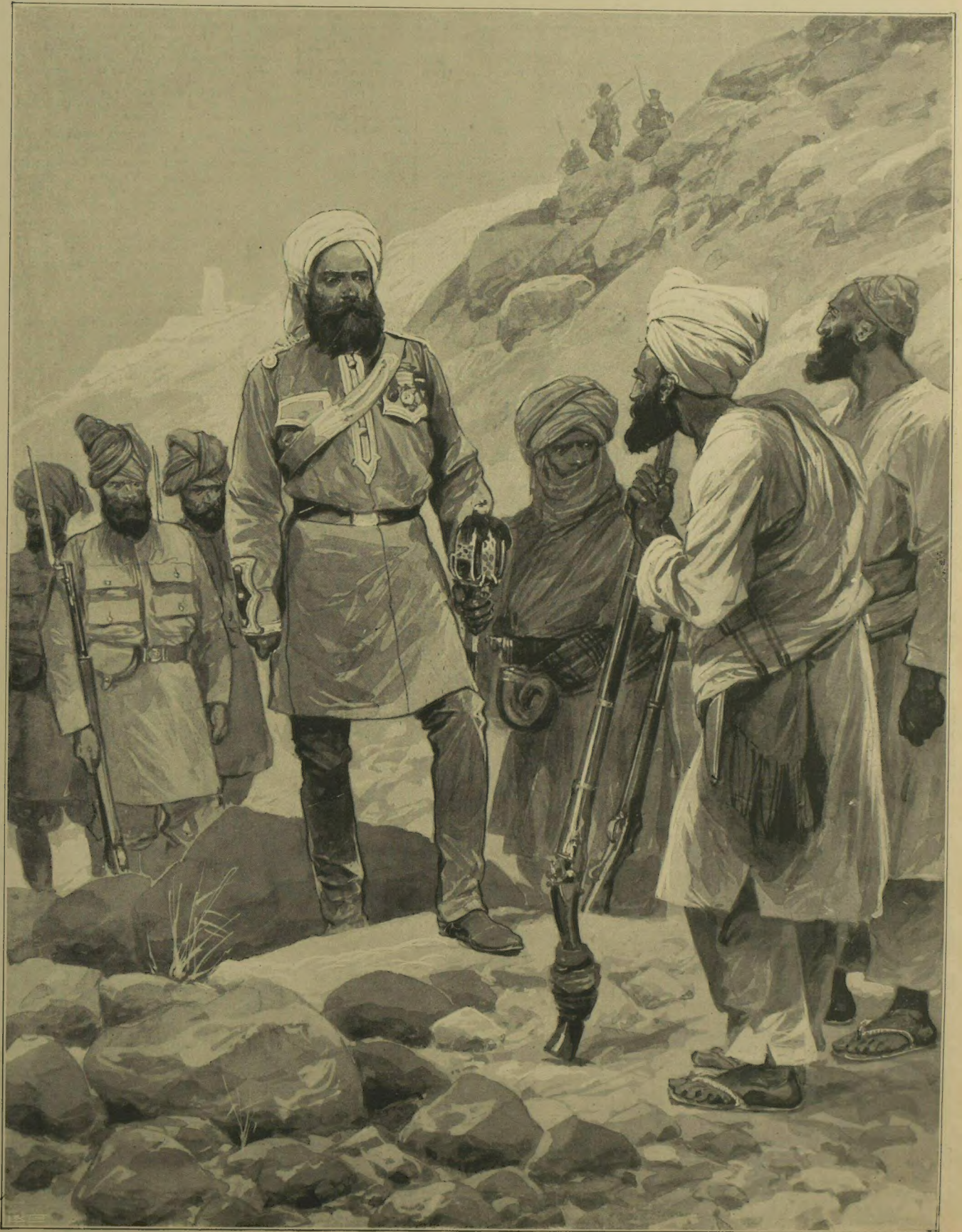
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3046.—VOL. CXI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: SELECTING RECRUITS FOR THE KHYBER FRONTIER FORCE.

From Photographs supplied by Lieutenant H. W. F. Cooke, 24th Punjab Infantry



## OUR NOTE BOOK

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is nothing one resents more than the having one's sympathies wasted, or evoked on false pretences. It was only the other day that I was describing in these columns the melancholy fate of a Stay-at-home in London; they were told me by the man himself and touched me very nearly. Much that he said I kept from my readers, because it was so sad. One phrase he used I well remember. When I spoke to him cheerfully, and recommended him, even if he could not walk, to take a little carriage exercise, he replied quite irritably, "What nonsense you talk! I have not been outside my doors for years, and the only vehicle I shall ever use is a hearse." And now this unparalleled humbug has gone to Brighton! Of course he knows what I think of him, and has written me a playful letter explaining what he calls his "change of plan," and in a shamefaced sort of way apologising for it. "Nobody," he says, "was more astonished than I was at having been persuaded to be carried down to the sea. It was that mode of conveyance, you remember—the having to be carried—which was my chief objection to leaving home. Of course people said that there was no sort of difficulty in the matter, but they were persons who could walk. There have, no doubt, been individuals who have gone about in carrying-chairs. King Edward, if I remember right, was taken to Scotland—a long journey for that date—in a chair, to fight against the Bruce, the result of which, by-the-by, was far from encouraging; and Li-Hung-Chang always went about that way; but then, as you are aware, I am neither a king nor a Chinaman. That I had to stick to that conveyance all the way was certain; so the question was not so much where I could go, as to where the chair could go. Its breadth was measured with the accuracy of a French mathematician, and emissaries were despatched to compare it with the doors of the railway carriages and of a private omnibus. It reminded me of the bees which an American citizen declared were, in his part of the country, as big as birds. 'And how,' he was asked, 'do they get into the beehives?' 'Oh, darn 'em!' he replied; 'that's their look out.' And my chair and I were as the bees. How dreadful it would have been, supposing we just got in and couldn't get out again! In both our exits and our entrances we had to be tilted up forty-five degrees, and were entirely dependent on the muscles of our bearers. A slip between the cup and the lip is thought to be unpleasant, but what is that—if you consider the relative distances—between the step and the ground? Nobody, I should suppose, to judge by the interest it excited, had ever been seen sitting in a chair in an omnibus. An ignorant person in a pleasure-van inquired of me personally whether I was the King of Siam. At the railway-station much public sympathy was expressed for me by the populace, who spoke of me as 'That poor old Bloke'; but they evinced less familiarity with my ailment, guesses at which were freely hazarded. Some thought it must be 'the jumps,' than which I can conceive nothing less appropriate to my condition. There was the railway-carriage, of course; but I calculate that from first to last I was carried upon a dozen pairs of shoulders down to Brighton. The payments 'to bearer' were excessive." Of course, I am glad my friend accomplished his journey without catastrophe; but he has deceived me in having attempted it. I cannot forgive him for that reference to a hearse, which so unnecessarily worked upon my feelings. I now thoroughly understand and appreciate the feelings with which Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley were received by the public on their unexpected return from the City of Eden. People have no right to plume themselves upon being stationary objects, and then suddenly take to locomotion. If a man says he is going to stay at home all his life, he should keep his word, and not turn up at Brighton.

A friend of mine, who is not afraid to tell the truth, even about himself, observes of ocean travel that "when it's calm he's sea-sick and when it's rough he's frightened." A writer in the *British Medical Journal*, however, attributes sea-sickness under all circumstances to "a modification of fear"; it deprives the heart of its high-pressure power (this is likely enough if one's "heart is in one's mouth"), whereupon indigestion ensues. His remedy for this is easy but unpicturesque. The sufferer has only to lie on his back for a few minutes with both legs in the air. In very bad cases "it may be necessary to keep one leg up there considerably longer." A Channel steamer on a rough day would, under these circumstances, afford a pleasing study to the photographer. Some people do not get well for some time even after they have reached land and entered the train. Conceive the amazement of their fellow passengers, ignorant of their malady and its remedy, while the cure is still in progress!

The *Critic* has an amusing account of the effect of classical literature upon the youth of the United States. They take a practical view of the myths that are supposed in this country to fill the juvenile mind with poetical imagery. *Leopriere* is a household word only in the limited sense of familiarity; it does not introduce its students to the realm of fancy. The story of Narcissus,

for example, is "divested of its flimsy Greek mysticism and reclothed in ideas of the most rigid American precision." The teacher having related it to his pupils, as it appears in the classics, and "expounded it by thorough discussion, showing its place in Art by means of statuary and pictures," they were requested to reproduce it in their own words. This is how it reappeared "after its temporary lodgment in the pure and creative mind of youth." We are assured that no alteration has been made in the new edition—

Once upon a time in Greece there lived a man named Narcissus, who was very kind, and who was a hunter. I think he had short light hair. A peculiar thing about him was that he never would wear a hat nor shoes and stockings, nor when he went out even a sheet over his shoulder. One day, in this far-off land in the east, Narcissus was out hunting with his companions, when he lost sight of them, and saw a fountain flashing beneath a sunbeam. He must have wanted a drink, for he knelt down and looked in. There he saw his own image, but he thought it was a beautiful fairy sprite who lived in the water. I don't think Narcissus ever washed himself very much or he would have seen his face in the water before. He stayed there, forgetting about his meals and sleep, and at last he died of hunger. The idea of the story is a sort of sad idea. I think it is an imaginative story and not true in some things, and I think the man who wrote the story made up a lot of it. When the friends of Narcissus came back they found Narcissus was gone, and to their surprised eyes there was a flower grown in the place. So they called the flower Narcissus, and to this very day it blooms once a year. It does not last very long and has a sweet smell to it.

Mr. Gradgrind would have greatly appreciated the youthful author of this paraphrase, and perhaps made him his heir.

Whether benefited or not by his "outing," the middle-class Londoner unquestionably "suffers a sea change" from the moment he sets foot in Beachington or Sandborough. He eats more and drinks more, and certainly smokes more, and, perhaps, on that account, is stupider than when he is in town; but he is more genial. He meets the merest acquaintance with enthusiasm. It is pleasant to have somebody to talk to besides the fly-driver and the bath-chair man, whose conversation is distinctly local. They confide to him the income of the Mayor, and the difficulties of the Pier Committee, and are eloquent upon the licensing question. Think of his listening to his cabman in London when discoursing upon similar topics! The print shops have an attraction for him, which was wanting to much finer establishments of the same kind in town; he hangs entranced upon the coloured frontispieces of the musical publications, and loses all fear of pickpockets. He gets up early to be in time for the fish-market on the beach, and makes such purchases at low prices that his wife has to remind him that "we cannot live on fish." A barrel of oysters (to send to a friend in the country) has hitherto been the extent of his dealings with the harvest of the sea. He listens to the German band with grave approval, and instead of sending for a policeman, gives them sixpence. Though at home he is a member of the Anti-Gambling Society, he allows his offspring to put into the raffles at the bazaar. He wears a suit of clothes like a draught-board, and a soft hat which he privately squeezes into a fashionable form—something like a cocked hat—before starting for the pier. He drives majestically with his wife and family in a hired vehicle up and down the esplanade like the advertisement procession of the travelling circus which he patronises in the evening. Nature and the sea affect him strangely. On Sunday he suddenly develops Pantheistic views, and takes long walks upon the cliffs instead of going to chapel.

Some good people—not the "unco' guid" but still uncommonly so—object to fishing on the ground of cruelty. They say how should we like to have a hook in our lips and be jerked out of our bath? But our lips are soft and not horny. Moreover, if it once happened to us we should never bathe nor, perhaps, even wash again. Now a barbel weighing many pounds, and with a deformed tail (which has identified him) has been caught for the twelfth time at Kingston, with no sign of being one half-penny the worse for his successive captures. There is some doubt of the assertion (made by fox-hunters) that the fox *likes* being hunted, but it is thus established that fish do not mind being hooked. I am afraid there is no question about the worm, but one can fish with gentles. (Perhaps this is why fishing is called "the gentle art.") There is a good deal of hypocrisy about the cruelty of fishing. I have known quite heartless persons—lawyers, and even critics—inveigh against this sport. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

The inventions of science seem to have the same tendency towards imitation as human nature itself. The great wheel stopped at Earl's Court, and imprisoned fifty people, while giving five hundred an excuse for coming home with the milk in the morning. So the revolving tower at Yarmouth got fixed for an hour or so, with its twenty passengers; and now an hotel lift has done its best on its way up to rival these non-performances. As it stopped in the dark this occasioned some scandal, in spite of the presence of a chaperon, the lift porter. After a somewhat protracted delay, it struck him that though the lift could not be persuaded to move upward, it might be induced to descend; which was accomplished with the

greatest ease. This failure of intelligence has awakened suspicion, and the whole affair has provoked considerable discussion in the smoking-room.

Concerning Pope's lines on the death of two lovers by lightning, a lady correspondent is so good as to remind me that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote that epitaph in a very different style, and at the same time did not hesitate to ridicule the verses of the bard of Twickenham—

Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew,  
Perhaps you'll say, What's that to you?  
Believe me, friend, much may be said  
On that poor couple who are dead.  
On Sunday next they should have married,  
But see how oddly things are carried!  
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd,  
These tender lovers, sadly frightened,  
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,  
In hope to pass the time away;  
But the Bold Thunder found them out  
(Commission'd for that end no doubt),  
And seizing on their trembling breath,  
Consign'd them to the shades of death.  
Who knows if 'twere not kindly done!  
Nor had they seen the next year's sun,  
A benten wife and cozened swain  
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain.  
Now they are happy in their doom,  
Nor Pope had wrote upon their Tomb.

My disposition is far from bloodthirsty, but I do hope we shall hang the King of Benin. In our wars with savage nations we have no hesitation in sweeping down their rank and file with weapons of precision, putting down all opposition, like the Mamma in "Locksley Hall," "with a little horde of Maxims," but we always fall into the error of sparing their King, who is generally the head and front of their offending. We send him into exile, like another Napoleon, and allow him more wives than are permitted in our own country to the most virtuous persons. It was wisely remarked on the occasion of a certain historical incident in the neighbourhood of Whitehall that it would "teach Kings that they had a crick in their necks," and this is a lesson that should be especially taught to the heads of savage tribes. Why do we spare them? It is my firm conviction that we do so because of our respect for the monarchical principle; the divinity that is supposed to hedge a King, no matter of what description. The King of Benin, who, not content with butchering his own people, enticed and massacred defenceless Englishmen, will no doubt shed some crocodile's tears; but the tears of the maidens whom he gave to the crocodiles did not move him. Let him hang!

The "unco' guid" have excited the anger of novelists and poets for many generations. The lavishness with which they condemn their fellow-creatures to future misery is rivalled by the wholesale and merciless manner in which they are denounced by the uregenerate. Persons who are not brought into connection with religious fanatics do not understand the miseries they inflict on those unhappy creatures who are subject to their sway. The great majority of the higher and upper middle classes know nothing of the "unco' guid" or the peculiar sects in which they flourish; and the books that treat of them therefore give an impression of unreality. This will probably be the case with readers of "Good Mrs. Hypocrite." Catherine Macpherson, at once the heroine and female villain of the novel, having convinced herself that she is "saved," devotes the remainder of her existence to persuading other people that they never will be so. This is a free country, where everyone has a right to their own opinion, and we should not quarrel with the lady if that were all; but, besides her want of charity, she is cruel, selfish, and avaricious, all which vices appear more hateful through their being covered by a thin coating of religion. The wonder is—as it is in all similar works—that everybody doesn't see through it. It is true nobody likes her, but no one exposes her; she belongs to charitable societies, and is permitted to do a great deal of harm under the shallowest pretence of doing good. Her maid-of-all-work indeed—which reminds one that nobody is a hero to their *valet-de-chambre*—finds her out, but her invalid brother trusts her, and has bitter cause to regret it. The novel is mainly a description of her "goings on," and the mischief and misery she creates, but it is by no means uninteresting; while, as a study of egotism and self-deceit, it deserves even higher praise. Catherine is painted with a brush so "dipped in colours of eclipse" that one cannot avoid the conviction that the authoress has not only known her, but suffered at her hands. There are several noteworthy observations in the book: one of them, upon the behaviour of rigidly religious persons on the Sunday, strikes one as very just. It is only reasonable that they should be opposed to all worldliness and frivolity, and be even austere upon the Sabbath; but quite apart from the "seriousness," which they naturally hold to be appropriate to the day, they are often ill-humoured and morose. It seems probable that they are dissatisfied with the effect of their austerity upon themselves, and resent the cheerfulness in other people which they are unable to emulate. At all events, whatever its cause, it is a matter of some importance, since deductions are drawn from it by the world in general which are unfavourable to religious principles.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

Early on Sunday, Aug. 22, in fine though rather cold weather, the Duke and Duchess of York left Dublin to visit Lord and Lady Ashbourne at their picturesque residence, Howth Castle. Having lunched with the Lord Chancellor, their Royal Highnesses went on to visit Lord Ardilaun at St. Anne's, Clontarf. Monday saw another visit to Leopardstown Racecourse, whither they were accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan. One of the events of the day was the Duchess's visit to the paddock to inspect Lordly, Lord Cadogan's filly.

Tuesday, a glorious day, was devoted to visiting Viscount Powerscourt at his lovely seat, Powerscourt, which we have already fully described. At Bray the Duke and Duchess had a most cordial reception, and were presented with an address. From Bray to Powerscourt the drive is exquisite, and on this occasion its beauty was enhanced by the splendid appearance of the famous Powerscourt waterfall, which the recent rains had swollen to full volume. If Ireland at times seemed to offer a rainy greeting, it was only that her natural beauties might appear the fairer in the eyes of her royal visitors. After a successful day at Powerscourt the royal party returned to the Viceregal Lodge, where the evening closed with a dance.

On Wednesday morning the Duchess of York visited the Bank of Ireland, where she was received by the Deputy Governor. The party made a complete tour of the building, and saw with interest the old chamber which was once the Irish House of Lords. From the Bank her Royal Highness proceeded across the way to Trinity College. There the Library with its treasures, notably the famous Book of Kells, engrossed the Duchess's attention. Their Royal Highnesses subsequently drove to the Horse Show, where a brilliant assemblage awaited their coming. In the evening the Duke inspected the Boys' Brigade and the Church Lads' Brigade.

Thursday opened gloomy and wet, but Princess May, bravely facing the weather, visited Alexandra College for Women and the National Gallery of Ireland. At 2.45 the weather cleared, and again the royal party visited the Horse Show, at which about twelve thousand persons were present. Lady Roberts's grand ball in the hall of the Royal Hospital was the event of the evening. On Friday forenoon the Fifteen Acres, Phoenix Park, presented a gay and martial appearance, when her Royal Highness presented new colours to the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, the 2nd East Yorkshire, and the 1st King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. In the afternoon there was a garden-party at the Viceregal Lodge, attended by everybody of importance in Dublin.

On Saturday, at 2.25, the Duke and Duchess left for Killarney, reaching Lord Kenmare's residence about seven in the evening. On Sunday morning they attended the little Protestant church in the town. In the afternoon they drove to the Lakes and as far as Muckross Abbey. On Monday came a slight relief from the strain of ceremonial duty. No public function claimed the royal presence, so the Duke went off deer-stalking, while the Duchess, with Lord and Lady Kenmare, enjoyed another trip among the Lakes. At Old Weir Bridge the party disembarked, and on landing her Royal Highness honoured the Special Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. A. Forester, with a commission for a picture of the Duke's investiture as a Knight of St. Patrick. At Derryconnyh luncheon was served in the "Queen's Cottage," and then the barges were headed for home. On Tuesday the royal party left to visit Lord Dunraven at Adare Manor, which we have already fully pictured and described.

## THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

The Khyber and Kohat mountain passes between the Punjab and Afghanistan, with the Samana hill range, seemed, at the date of our last writing, to be in the temporary possession of the hostile Afridi and Orakzai tribes, most of the forts along both routes having been either captured or blockaded. Their small garrisons, composed in several instances not of regular British or Indian Native Army troops, but of detachments of the Khyber levies, probably unwilling to fight against their own countrymen or neighbours, do not appear to have made a determined resistance. Lundi Kotal, at the summit of the Khyber Pass, has fallen to the insurgents under circumstances described on another page. In consequence of the treachery in the Lundi Kotal garrison of Khyber Rifles, and in view of similar proofs of their untrustworthiness, investigated and reported upon by Aslam Khan, the British Government Political Officer in the Khyber, all those men of the local Khyber Rifle Corps who remained at Jamrud, except the Kuki Khel, have been discharged from the service. Frontier posts and forts on the Samana hills were attacked on the 26th and 27th, with results not yet certainly known, but at Muhammadzai the enemy retired, after endeavouring to hold the Ublan Pass, at the advance of Brigadier-General Yeatman Diggs, with the

2nd Punjab Infantry, the Scots Fusiliers, a battery of field artillery, and a squadron of Punjab Cavalry; for, on any open ground, the Afridis cannot stand against regular troops. Colonel Richardson likewise, with his flying column, went to the relief of the Lakka and Saifuldara garrisons, sending forth detachments under Lieutenant-Colonels Abbot and Jamieson, who drove off the Orakzais with severe loss. A strong column of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, under command of Colonel Gordon, began marching into the Kohat Pass on Monday, from Peshawar, supported by another force, consisting of the 12th Bengal Infantry, two companies of the Scots Fusiliers, the 3rd Bengal Cavalry, and No. 3 Field Battery, entering the Ublan Pass. Colonel Gordon's own column is formed of the 20th Punjab Infantry, the 1st Battalion of the 2nd Goorkha Regiment, and the 6th Bengal Cavalry. The combined forces were considered amply sufficient to clear the Kohat Pass; and it was even believed at Peshawar that the enemy would not attempt any opposition, having on Tuesday disappeared and apparently dispersed. But, on the other hand, the Lakka and Saifuldara police garrisons had been obliged to withdraw, by the return of a large attacking force of Orakzais, who were still hovering

vessels during the "trouble" of 1893. Despite (or because of?) the presence of a whole tribe of Danish officers—who might reasonably have been supposed to know the rudiments of river-defence—they also failed to mark out the channel of their river for torpedoes.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Siamese Navy, who rejoices in the historic appellation of "Commodore du Plessis de Richelieu," is a Dane who has served many years in the King's service, but who, I believe, was not educated professionally for the navy. His headquarters are usually on board the royal yacht-cruiser *Maha Chakri*, of twenty-four hundred tons and two hundred men, the vessel that brought the King to Europe. Though she has never fired a shot in anger, the *Maha* is a really formidable craft. She is fitted with a powerful ram and fighting-tops for machine-guns, and is heavily armed throughout. Almost her sole defect is that she requires to look a shade less like a pleasure-ship; she is very fast. Second in order comes the *Makut Rajakumar*, a twin-screw cruiser built at Hong-Kong several years ago for the Philippine Islands, and purchased somewhat unexpectedly by Siam. She is of steel, carries seven guns, and is or was commanded by Captain Guldberg, another Dane. The *Morata* is a wooden gun-boat of suitable dimensions—the English of *Morata*, by the way, is "Coronation."

After these we have the *Nirlin*, the *Han Hak Sakru*, and two or three other small gun-boats. There are two or three thousand men of the regular navy, uniformed in a semi-European style. But there is also a "naval reserve" of about five thousand, whom I have seen drilling at the Rong-lau (arsenal). This Rong-lau used to be under the supervision of a Britisher named Balfour. It is the receptacle for a quantity of more or less old-fashioned artillery.

In regard to this talked-of "enlargement" of their naval resources, the Siamese Government would do well to purchase several British-built gun-boats of light draught, as well as a few torpedo-boats. These gun-boats should not draw more than 13 ft. 6 in. of water at the most, in order to meet the difficulties of the Meinam and the bar. Half-a-dozen skilled European naval instructors and experts, empowered to proceed on the basis of a total reorganisation and reconstruction, would be found a capital investment. Certainly those "hardy Norsemen" who have aspired to take Siam's war-ships into action are not exactly qualified for this special work.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Against the dearth of novelty at the London theatres last week was set the welcome reappearance on the English stage of Miss Ada Rehan, at the head of Mr. Augustin Daly's company, for a round of visits to the chief provincial cities. The tour was inaugurated by a performance of "As You Like It," given in aid of the Shakspeare Memorial Fund at Stratford-on-Avon. It was intended that the play should be given in the open air, in the gardens of the Memorial Buildings, upon the fringe of the very Forest of Arden wherein the poet's characters "flew the time carelessly as they did in the golden world"; but the clerk of the weather intervened, and before many lines of the opening scene had been spoken the rain came down so heavily that players and audience agreed to transfer themselves to the Memorial Theatre. This enforced change of stage was unfortunate, for it involved scenery that went awry and an evident ignorance of the geography of the mimic Forest of Arden on the part of the actors. But the fine art of Miss Ada Rehan soared above all distracting conditions, and gave to the audience a Rosalind "of all sorts enchantingly beloved." Miss Rehan has evidently developed her conception of the character since she last represented it in London. Her Rosalind is now not only a brilliant piece of comedy, buoyant with life and high spirits and radiant with mirth, but it is also a most winning study of tender, loyal womanhood, instinct with gracious beauty and high nobility. The depths of emotional feeling which underlie the most vivacious of Rosalind's moods are indicated by the actress with rare skill, and her rapid transitions from sunshine to shade, and back again to brilliancy, are admirably natural. In the scene of the "counterfeited" swoon Miss Rehan is particularly happy, and realises with exquisite delicacy and truthfulness Rosalind's hard struggle between physical faintness and the attempt to be a man and make light of it. Particularly delightful, too, is the scene in which Rosalind first learns from Celia that it is Orlando who is carving her name upon the trees; but both here and in other passages Miss Rehan would do well to guard against a tendency to cover too many leagues of the forest and an undue restlessness generally. The Orlando of Mr. Charles Richman promises well at the outset but falls away into insignificance as the play proceeds, the actor seeming especially to miss the humorous side of his mock wooing. Mr. Edwin Varrey, as old Adam, makes a pleasing representative of "the constant service of the antique world," and Mr. John Craig plays effectively as Oliver, but the rest is, for the most part, silence. It is late in the day to wonder how it is that Mr. Daly, with his genuine enthusiasm for Shakspeare, so frequently misses the right atmosphere in the ensemble of his revivals, but "within the shadow of Shakspeare's Church," as the playbill had it, there was even less getting away from the fact than usual.



Photo Chancellor, London.

THE DUKE OF YORK AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.

over the hills of Samana. It seems likely that, notwithstanding the recovery of the Kohat Pass, it will be an operation requiring many days, perhaps with several conflicts at various points, to sweep an active enemy out of all the recesses of that rugged highland region, and to replace the frontier stations in a position of security with garrisons composed of regular soldiery of the Indian Army. The Khyber, extending to over forty miles west of Peshawar on the road to Jelalabad and Kabul, is of scarcely greater military importance than the Kohat Pass, the entrance to which, south-west of Peshawar, is needful to be constantly guarded for the protection of the Thal and Bannu districts of the Punjab, and of the routes of Indian trade with Afghanistan. Nearly all the mountain tribes, Waziris, Orakzais, and Afridis, were formerly addicted to predatory incursions, which have only been checked by the power of the British Indian Government.

## THE KING OF SIAM'S NAVY.

The statement made recently in *The Illustrated London News*, writes a correspondent, that in deciding to "enlarge" his navy the King of Siam is increasing something that practically does not exist, is scarcely quite accurate. I do not deny that a couple of gun-boats and a few hundred resolute Europeans could make things unpleasant for the capital and palace of Chulalongkorn I., but taking into account the geographical position of Siam, this is hardly surprising. The Siamese pride themselves not a little upon their harbour-bar as a first line of defence, though by grossest mismanagement they failed to prevent its passage in broad daylight by two unarmoured French gun-





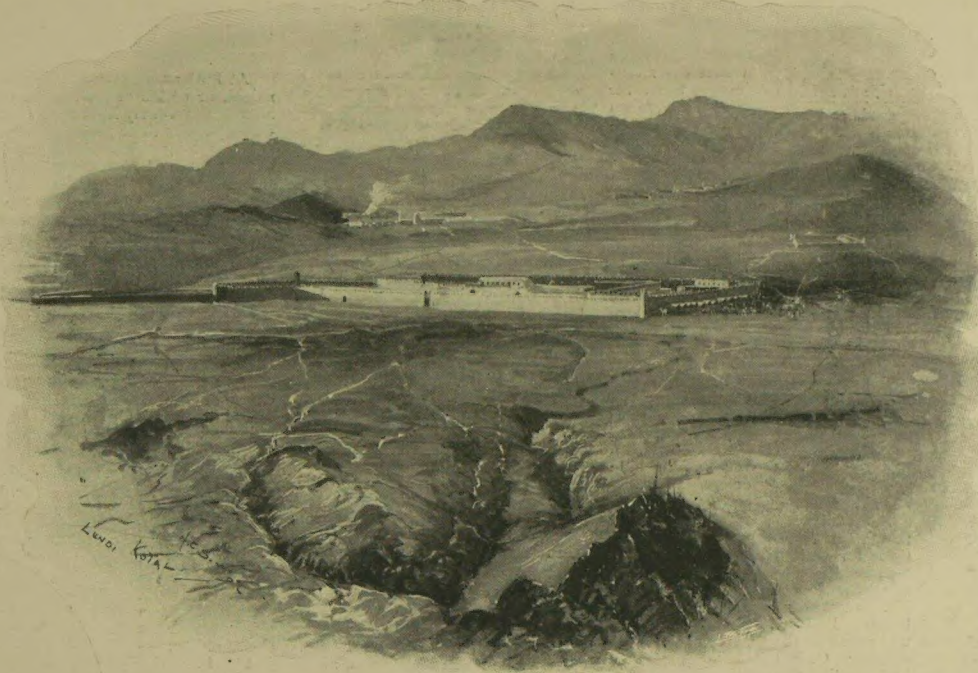
THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE GARDEN PARTY AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.*



## LUNDI KOTAL FORT.

Lundi Kotal Fort, an illustration of which is here given, was taken by the insurgent Afridis on Aug. 24, but not in fair fight, for the Serai gates were opened by traitors within the camp after some hours of siege. The loyal Shinwaris of the garrison found resistance hopeless, and abandoned the stronghold, while the traitorous Afridis of the Khyber Rifles garrison welcomed the victorious insurgents within the walls and helped to fire the fort. Lundi Kotal is twenty-six miles beyond Jamrud, and this portion of the road through the Khyber Pass was maintained by the Political Officer with money provided by the Punjab D.P.W. The pass was open by agreement on two days in the week for Kafilaks, under a guard of Khyber Rifles. Certain tolls were levied for animals with loads, half rates being charged if the load was of salt. The yearly receipts varied from Rs 65,000 to Rs 80,000. The subsidy paid to the native chiefs was Rs 85,000. The maintenance of the Khyber Rifles is paid for in addition out of the Imperial funds. The principal work at Lundi Kotal was the fortified Serai, which contained barracks, store go-downs, and domed reservoirs for water. The view here given is



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: LUNDI KOTAL FORT, TAKEN AND BURNED BY THE AFRIDIS, AUGUST 24.

From a Photograph supplied by Colonel Le Mesurier, R.E.

taken from "Pisgah," a small hill overlooking Lundi Kotal, Lundi Khana, and Fort Tytler. It is taken from a photograph by Colonel Le Mesurier, R.E., in 1890, when on one of his inspection tours as Chief Engineer in the Punjab. About seven miles north-west of the Serai is Tor Sappar, a hill 6000 ft. high, which had been suggested as a sanatorium, the air there being clear and cool from the Kabul Valley.

## THE SUSSEX MANŒUVRES.

The first day of the Sussex Manœuvres, which began on Monday morning, resulted in an indecisive battle. The invader (Blue) was assumed to have landed at Hastings about ten o'clock and to be marching on London, whereupon the defenders (Red), under Major-General Gosset, prepared to give battle. At twenty minutes past ten a heavy artillery fire opened on the Red cavalry, and the invader, under Major-General Burnett, established himself on Waltham Hill, and was smartly pounded by the defenders' batteries, posted 1500 yards distant to the right of the close grounds of West Woods, on which the invaders' left rested; the Seaforth Highlanders (invaders) were extended to protect the guns behind them on Waltham Hill. The

Highlanders were shortly ordered to retire, and a sharp musketry fire soon told that the defenders had outflanked them. The Seaforths pluckily faced the onslaught, but fell right into the arms of the Shropshire Light Infantry. This ended the fight. Major-General Burnett held that he should have been allowed to retire before his position was compromised; but the advantage being great on neither side, the grievance was held inconsiderable.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT KILLARNEY: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PASSING THE TOWN HALL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.



## PERSONAL.

M. Faure may think of his predecessors in the Presidency of the French Republic with complacency. He has certainly surpassed them in popularity. Before his visit to Russia the President had no very strong claim on the sympathies of his countrymen. Now he is a national hero. The much-anticipated, long-postponed, and now definitely concluded alliance between France and Russia has raised Félix Faure to the summit of glory. He was received in Paris with a rapture which no public man has enjoyed in that fickle city since the fall of the Empire, except Gambetta. If the Czar can be persuaded to visit Paris every year, it is probable that the President's popularity will be sustained.

Prince Bismarck complains of rheumatism, but his recollections are full of sprightly candour. He has been telling an interviewer how he and two colleagues used to tamper with letters and telegrams in the German Post-Office. The letters were opened and closed again so skilfully that nobody could detect any trace of the inquisition. Prince Bismarck may say with pride that, in the course of his brilliant career, he has stuck at nothing. Many people do disreputable things in private life, and never mention them; but the old Chancellor is only too delighted to recall his own achievements in the hearing of all the world.

Loss than four months after the untimely death of Mr. Theodore Stretch, the Oxford rowing "Blue," which



Photo Hills and Saunders, Oxford.  
THE LATE MR. E. R. BALFOUR.

likewise followed all too hard upon that of Mr. H. B. Cotton, Oxford men have now to mourn the loss of Mr. Ernest Roxburgh Balfour, who rowed in the winning Oxford boat both this year and last, and at the recent Henley Regatta shared with Mr. Guy Nickalls the honour of winning the Goblets for the Leander. Mr. Balfour was not only one of the best oars of his generation at Oxford, but represented the University in the

football field for two seasons, playing in the Rugby fifteen in 1894 and holding the captaincy of the same team the following year. He was only in his twenty-third year at the time of his death, which was the result of a chill caught while he was shooting in Scotland.

The attempt of some old Etonians to row an open boat much too light for the sea over the Channel ended in disaster. One gentleman nearly lost his life. The incident was more conspicuous for foolhardiness than for heroism, but the old Etonians are not abashed. One of them (who was very sea-sick) has written a glowing letter, in which he asserts that the men left in the boat (he had been taken out of it) were quite ready to go to the bottom of the Channel singing, not "Rule, Britannia," but the old college song of Eton. There is probably sufficient sense of humour among Etonians to appreciate this sentiment at its full worth.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Lamb, who died on Monday last week of wounds received during the attack of the



Photo F. Bremner, Karachi.  
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN LAMB.

hostile tribesmen on the Malakand Camp, was an officer belonging to a family well accustomed to Indian service. His father was a Major-General in the Bengal Staff Corps, and his elder brother (with whom some of his biographers confound him) is Colonel Henry Campbell Lamb, Commandant of the 4th Bengal Cavalry. The deceased officer, who was in only his forty-third year, was himself commanding the 24th Panjab Infantry. He had taken part in the Afghan War, in the advance on Kabul under Brigadier-General Gough, and had served with the Zhob Field Force as Deputy Adjutant-General. His untimely death ends a career which gave every promise of high distinction.

The Duke of Norfolk has triumphed over one revolt of the telegraphists at St. Martin's-le-Grand; now he is confronted by a more delicate problem. The lady telegraph clerks object to night work. Hitherto they have been employed till eight o'clock in the evening, and they are strongly opposed to the requisition of their services till ten. Many of them live in "homes" which close at that hour, and would sternly refuse to receive them. Apparently the lutekey is not the symbol of feminine enfranchisement in this branch of the public service. As the Duke of Norfolk has been disposed to rely on the lady clerks in the eventuality of further trouble with their male colleagues, he must be rather puzzled by this new obstacle.

Sir George Osborne Morgan, M.P. for East Denbighshire, died rather suddenly of pneumonia at his residence, Moreton Hall, Westonsryn, on Wednesday morning last week. Sir George was the son of a Vicar of Conway, and was born in 1826. He was educated at Shrewsbury School, and afterwards at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a First Class in Classics, the Chancellor's Medal, and the Newdigate Prize. Called to the Bar in 1853, he became an authority on Chancery procedure, and took silk in 1869. Meanwhile, he had entered Parliament in 1868 as Liberal member for the county of Denbigh, and sat in that capacity till 1885, when the Redistribution Bill divided the county, and made him henceforth member for its East Division only. The last election saw him returned by a majority of nearly two thousand votes.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
THE LATE SIR GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P.

Sir G. Osborne Morgan made a mark in Parliament during the time of his long membership of it. He was very constant in his attendance, and on Welsh affairs a spokesman who at all times had the ear of the House. Mr. Gladstone, whose trusty follower he always was, made him Judge Advocate-General and Privy Councillor in 1880, and Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1886. A baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1892. With the Burial Act of 1880, the Married Women's Property Act of 1882, and the Act for Abolishing Corporal Punishment in the Army, his name will always be closely associated. His legal knowledge was of great avail in all these questions, and it helped him in the discharge of his very frequent duties as Chairman of Parliamentary Committees. Sir George, who was generally regarded by his political opponents as a good Judge lost to the Bench, dabbled somewhat in authorship, producing not only legal works, but a translation of the Eclogues of Virgil. Sir George, who married, in 1856, Emily, daughter of the late Mr. Leopold Reiss, of Eccles (who survives him), leaves no children.

The Marquis de Ruigny Raineval and Mr. Cranston Metcalf announce to a world which hears of them for the first time that the "Legitimists" in England are not disloyal to Queen Victoria. They think her dynasty is a usurpation, but they approve her character and career. This is very kind of them. The Hanoverian succession, however, is not to go on indefinitely. The "Legitimists" expect a Republic in England, and then a Restoration as in the glorious year of 1660. Then the elder branch of the Stuart family, now represented by the wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, will come by its own again. A Parliamentary monarchy is intolerable. The Marquis and Mr. Metcalf frankly loathe the democracy. So the restored Stuarts will resume their royal prerogatives for which one of their ancestors lost his head.

Another political assassination was perpetrated on Aug. 25, but not by an Anarchist this time. Señor Borda, President of the Spanish South American Republic of Uruguay, was shot dead by an officer of the army named Arredondo, as he was leaving the Cathedral of Monte Video after a thanksgiving religious service. Arredondo, the assassin, who was at once arrested, says that his only motive for the crime was private animosity



Don Juan Leart Borda.  
THE ASSASSINATED PRESIDENT OF URUGUAY.

against his victim, and he is prepared to submit to the extreme penalty of the law now that he has gratified his hatred. Señor Guestas, President of the Senate, carries on the government.

At Butterstone House, Perthshire, Mr. Gladstone is a neighbour of his oldest surviving colleague, the Earl of Mansfield, formerly known as Lord Stormont. The Earl, whose place in those parts is Scone Palace, entered Parliament so long ago as 1830, and he was a Lord of the Treasury in 1834-35, a date at which he and Mr. Gladstone were Conservatives together.

The Jewish Congress at Basle is attracting great attention, but is discountenanced by some prominent Jews on the ground that any restoration of Israel to Palestine except by a "miracle" is contrary to orthodox sentiment. Judging from the present phase of the Palestine movement, its eventual success can scarcely be anything but miraculous.

We regret that the name of the artist of the charming picture, "The Babes in the Wood," reproduced in our last issue, was erroneously given as A. J. King instead of Agnes Gardner King. Miss King should be a staunch citizen of Greater Britain, for though *The Illustrated London News* has unwittingly done her this injustice, the popularity of her work beyond the seas is attested by the fact that this picture, originally exhibited at the Royal Institute, has been purchased for a permanent art gallery at the Cape.

The death is announced of Mr. E. J. Milliken, a writer whose name is perhaps little known to the general public, who none the less

enjoyed his anonymous contributions to the pages of *Punch*. With Mr. Milliken chiefly rested the choice of the subject for the weekly cartoon in that paper, and he it was who supplied the verses that usually accompanied it. Perhaps the modern note was felt to be missing from these jingles of late years—they were more in the manner of twenty-two years ago, when Mr. Milliken joined the staff of *Punch* on the invitation of its then editor, Tom Taylor; but the multitude of his admirers found them none the less amusing. He was, if not the creator, the perpetual producer of 'Arry and 'Arriet in the world of modern comedy. He was very proud of *Punch*, and his colleagues are those who most sincerely feel and mourn his loss.

Mr. Athelstan Riley despairs of the London School Board, of which he is about to take his leave. Nobody, he says, cares to control its expenditure, and the teachers do not hold his religious views. Mr. Riley is understood to aspire to the House of Commons. There is already a Church party there, quite energetic enough without his assistance. But perhaps he proposes to form a new ecclesiastical group.

Lord Salisbury goes from success to success in the matter of his ecclesiastical appointments. In finding a Bishop for Wakefield, as in finding a Bishop for Bristol, he has avoided the peril of conciliating extremes of opinion, and has chosen men who appeal to the main body of Church people. The Bishop-designate of Wakefield is the Right Rev. George Rodney Eden, who at the early age of thirty-seven suc-

ceeded Bishop Parry as Suffragan for the diocese of Canterbury, with the title of Bishop of Dover. Dr. Walsham How's successor goes North with the great advantage of being himself a North-country man. His father was Rector of Sedgfield, Durham; his mother came from Darlington. His first school was Richmond. He was ordained in the diocese of Ripon, and worked first in Wensleydale, at Aysgarth School. He was the friend and domestic chaplain of the late Bishop Lightfoot, who gave him his first and only living—that of Bishop Auckland. As Suffragan-Bishop of Dover, Dr. Eden has been generally popular. An Archbishop's Suffragan has no lack of work, and the Bishop of Dover has had ample opportunities of proving his capacity. His charm of manner equals his industry, and he has, what all clergy have not, the knack of getting on with men. Bishop Eden has not identified himself with any party in the Church, but he would probably rank with the Bishop of Newcastle and the Bishop of Peterborough. He is, therefore, acceptable to the Evangelicals, although not quite one of themselves.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE RODNEY EDEN,  
New Bishop of Wakefield.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has left the Isle of Wight for her Scottish Highland autumn residence. She left Osborne for Balmoral on Tuesday, with Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of York. In her last days at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the Queen received her Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, as her guest on Saturday, and transacted business. The two Princesses on Friday visited Portsmouth Dockyard and inspected H.M.S. *Renown*. Princess Frederica of Hanover left Osborne for Hampton Court Palace with her husband, Baron von Pawel-Rammingen. Princess Henry of Battenberg on Monday laid the foundation-stone of a new wing of the Isle of Wight Infirmary at Ryde.

The Prince of Wales is still at Marienbad, taking the medicinal waters, but will rejoin the Princess at Copenhagen.

The Aldershot military field manoeuvres, under command of the Duke of Connaught, ended, on Aug. 25, the operations since Aug. 14, conducted by Major-General Bengough and Major-General Barnard respectively, with the Northern and the Southern force, which represented a strategic and tactical contest for positions between the Thames at Staines and the Sussex border from Petersfield to Petworth. The Northern defending force is considered to be victorious in this campaign.

A naval court-martial at Devonport has reprimanded Captain Kirby and Lieutenant Graham, of H.M.S. *Phaeton*, for want of care in towing the torpedo-destroyer *Thrasher*, which was damaged by the collision off the Eddystone. Mr. Marston, gunner, of the *Thrasher*, was reprimanded and dismissed for negligence in keeping watch.

A new Constitutional Club at Ilkley, near Leeds, was opened on Saturday by Mr. Akers-Douglas, the first Commissioner of Works, congratulating the Conservative party and the Unionist supporters of the Government upon their firm position.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have gone to Scotland on a visit to Mr. W. Armitstead, near Dunkeld.

An open-air meeting, with speeches from nine platforms, to advocate the eight-hours' working day rule demanded for engineers and others, took place in Hyde Park on Sunday. Mr. John Burns, Mr. F. Maddison, the new M.P. for Sheffield, and officers or delegates of several trades' unions, were the speakers. A strike in the engineering trade at Sheffield began this week.

The King of Siam has been received in Germany by the King of Saxony at Dresden, and by the Emperor William at Berlin, with marked courtesy and friendliness. He arrived at Hamburg on Tuesday.

President Faure has returned to France with enthusiastic Parisian acclamations from his visit to Russia and the Czar Nicholas II., who has gone to Warsaw. The Czar will visit France next autumn. Much is said by French politicians of the effective special alliance between their Republic and the Russian Empire as great European Powers, but those of Berlin and Vienna say that they do not think much of it. The rumour of another secret treaty or convention signed at Peterhof remains unconfirmed.

The Ambassadors at Constantinople have held further meetings and communications both with the Sultan's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tewfik Pasha, and with King George's Ministry at Athens, upon the terms of peace between Turkey and Greece. But the question of effective guarantees for payment of the war compensation money to Turkey, without which the Turkish army will not withdraw from Thessaly, still remains unsolved. It is understood that Lord Salisbury has invited Russia and France to join with Great Britain in guaranteeing a loan, or lending other financial assistance, if Greece will submit a specified adequate portion of her revenue to their control; but this is proposed by England without extending the foreign control, as Germany required, to providing fresh security for the existing bondholders. There is an historical precedent in the aid granted by England, France, and Russia jointly to the Greeks in 1832, after their liberation from Turkish rule. The Ottoman Bank and Sir Philip Currie are said to have agreed upon a way of raising the loan, if it can be sufficiently guaranteed. Great distress prevails among the Greek exiles from Thessaly, deprived of the harvest of their land this year.

The Cretan General Assembly has sent a memorial to the Admirals of the European squadrons, accepting the proposed "autonomy" or administrative self-government of that island, free from Turkish interference, but this Assembly does not include any representatives of the Cretan Mussulmans, who are between a fourth and third part of the island population.

In East Central Africa, under the British Protectorate of Uganda, a revolution has occurred which will probably tend to consolidate the British authority. King Mwanga,

who was always untrustworthy, malignant, and treacherous, attempted in July to organise a revolt in the Buddu district. He was defeated, on July 20, by Major Toman, the British Government Commissioner, and escaped to the German territory. It is proposed to make his infant son, a mere babe, King of the Uganda people, with a Regency.

Two Alpine guides on the Jungfrau were killed, and an Austrian tourist, Herr Bein, of Frauenstein, was severely injured, by falling over a precipice from the snow cornice at its edge suddenly giving way.

Gun-boats of the Egyptian military expedition up the Nile have reached Abu Hamed, and the present state of the river will enable them to pass the Fifth Cataract. The construction of the railway across the Nubian Desert from Korosko still goes on rapidly; two miles of rail were laid in one day.

A successful ascent of Mount St. Elias, in the most northerly range of the American Rocky Mountains, in the territory of Alaska, was performed on July 31 by an Italian traveller of high rank, the Duke of Abruzzi, reaching the summit, over 18,000 feet, after fifty days' sojourn amid ice and snow.

From Sept. 3 to Sept. 10 there is a grand assembly of royal persons and German Princes, with the King and Queen of Italy, at Homburg, during the autumn manoeuvres of the German Army in that neighbourhood, directed by the Emperor William. He unveiled a monument erected at Coblenz to the memory of his father on Tuesday.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Prime Minister, on his return from attending the Queen's Jubilee in London, was received both at Quebec and at Montreal with enthusiastic tokens of popular approbation, and was escorted

## THE NEW QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

All doubt as to the filling up of the vacancy made by Sir Evelyn Wood's advancement to the higher post has now been settled by the appointment of Sir George White to be Quartermaster-General of the Army. Sir George White is not a striking and well-known personality to the British public like his predecessor, Sir Evelyn Wood; for although he has seen much good and varied service, it has been at a distance from home, and he has never filled any great place in the public eye, or, indeed, in the public estimation. Yet he is one of the most useful, the most distinguished, and most capable of British general officers. At this particular juncture he is exactly the right man in the right place. He is an ideal Commander-in-Chief in India, quite the most competent to deal with the present serious disturbances on the frontier, so much so that it is certain he will not leave to take up his new duties in Pall Mall until peace and quiet are restored on the confines of our Eastern Empire. The qualities that especially fit him to deal with the present crisis are, first and before all, his wide experience in Afghanistan, where he made the last campaign with Lord Roberts, since when he has been largely occupied with the North-West, and may be said to know all about the position, the localities, and the tribes, their views and ways. Then his personal influence as a soldier is great with comrades of all ranks, with all who serve with or under him. The Government of India, of which he forms a part, has the greatest confidence in and will cordially support him; so will the Generals commanding army corps.

Sir George White's laurels have been gained late in life. He was distinctly unfortunate in his promotion. Obtaining his first commission in 1853 as Ensign in the 27th Foot after education at King William's College, Isle of Man, and Sandhurst, he was ten years in reaching the rank of Captain, and ten more before he became a regimental Major. By that time he had exchanged into the 92nd, now known as the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, for White has served mostly in a Scotch regiment, although an Irishman by descent. In 1879 he was upon the Viceroy, Lord Ripon's staff at Calcutta as military secretary, having succeeded Charles Gordon, who had soon found his tenure of office impossible. The second Afghan War was now in full swing, and White resigned his appointment to rejoin his regiment at the front. He was engaged with it at the action of Charasiab, the subsequent occupation of Kabul, with the fighting around and at Sherpur, the assault and capture of Takht-i-Shah, and the action of Chitkote. The 92nd formed part of Roberts's force in the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar for the relief of General Primrose, and in the fight on arrival White distinguished himself greatly. He was in command of the advance part of the Gordons, and found himself at very close quarters with overpowering numbers of Afghans, supported by guns in position. Sir Herbert Macpherson, who was in command of the brigade, resolved to attack with determination, and White with his Highlanders

led the van. It was a nobly contested fight, but the British troops at length carried all before them, and White captured a couple of guns. For this day's work he gained many honours—the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, the Companionship of the Bath, and, most prized of all, the "V.C."

After Afghanistan, White resumed his post on the Viceroy's staff, and so missed the closing scenes of the ill-fated war with the Boers, for he did not accompany his regiment to the Transvaal. A year or two afterwards he joined it in England and served as its Lieutenant-Colonel, making an excellent regimental commanding officer, until he was selected to serve with Wolseley's expedition up the Nile for the relief of Khartoum. White, whose services had been requisitioned by telegraph, and who went out to Egypt post haste, was appointed to the "line of communications" as Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General. After Egypt he went to Madras in command of a brigade, from which he passed to a brigade in the force sent to secure Burma. It was here that he showed the full extent of his powers, and was brought especially under the notice of Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy of India. He was at Mandalay in 1886 during the insurrection, and afterwards commanded the Upper Burma field force, and there is no sort of doubt but that his admirable management contributed largely to the final pacification of Burma. Lord Dufferin was heard to express his opinion openly that Sir George White (he was created K.C.B. in 1889) was quite the most capable military officer he had come across. These Burmese services gained for White the rank of Supernumerary Major-General just thirty-three years after his entrance into the army. He had been twenty years from Ensign to Major, from Major to Major-General only fourteen. From 1889 to 1893 White commanded the division at Quetta, the great frontier garrison, the keystone and centre of our defensive system against Afghanistan. It was from that post, from which he directed the operations against Zheb, that he was moved up to the highest a soldier can hold in India, the supreme command and control of some 225,000 men, 75,000 of them British troops.

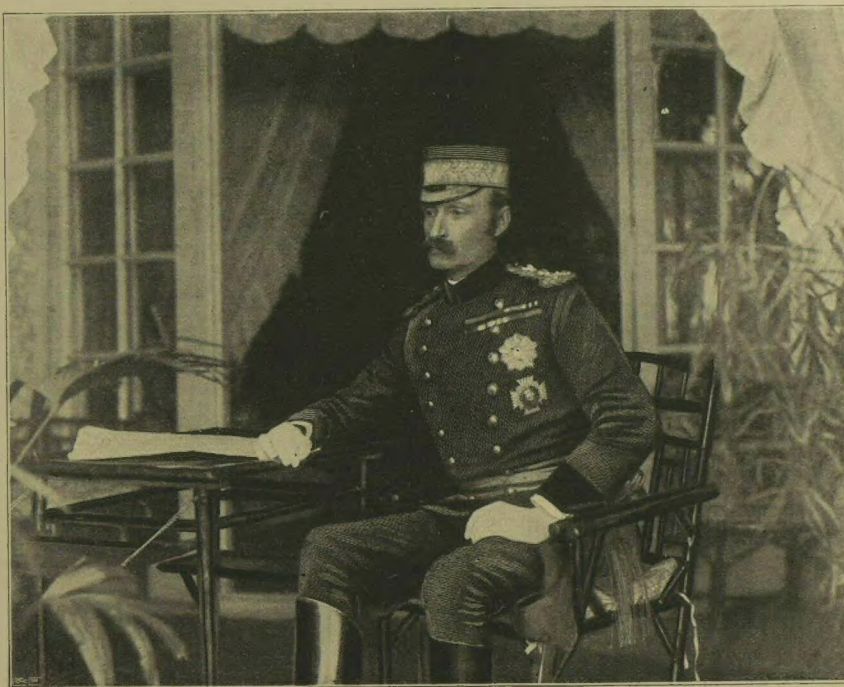


Photo Johns and Hoffmann, Calcutta.

THE NEW QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL OF THE ARMY: GENERAL SIR GEORGE STEWART WHITE, V.C., G.C.B., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FORCES IN INDIA.

by river steamboat to Montreal, with splendid evening illuminations and torchlight processions in that city.

The editor and the printer and publisher of a native Indian journal at Sattara have been condemned, the former to transportation for life, and the latter for seven years, by sentence of the district Judge, for a seditious article hostile to British government.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands attained the age of seventeen on Tuesday, and will be crowned after her next birthday. The eightieth birthday of the Queen of Denmark will be celebrated on Sept. 7, when the Prince and Princess of Wales will be present at the Castle of Bernstorff.

A congress of "Zionist" Jews, from different countries of Europe, has been held at Basle, to consider a scheme for establishing a Jewish self-governing commonwealth or colony at Jerusalem, by purchase of the chartered privilege from the Sultan of Turkey.

An agreement between the leading European and American manufacturers of dynamite and other explosives, restricting the exportation of such commodities for trade in South Africa, and otherwise regulating the trade, has just been ratified.

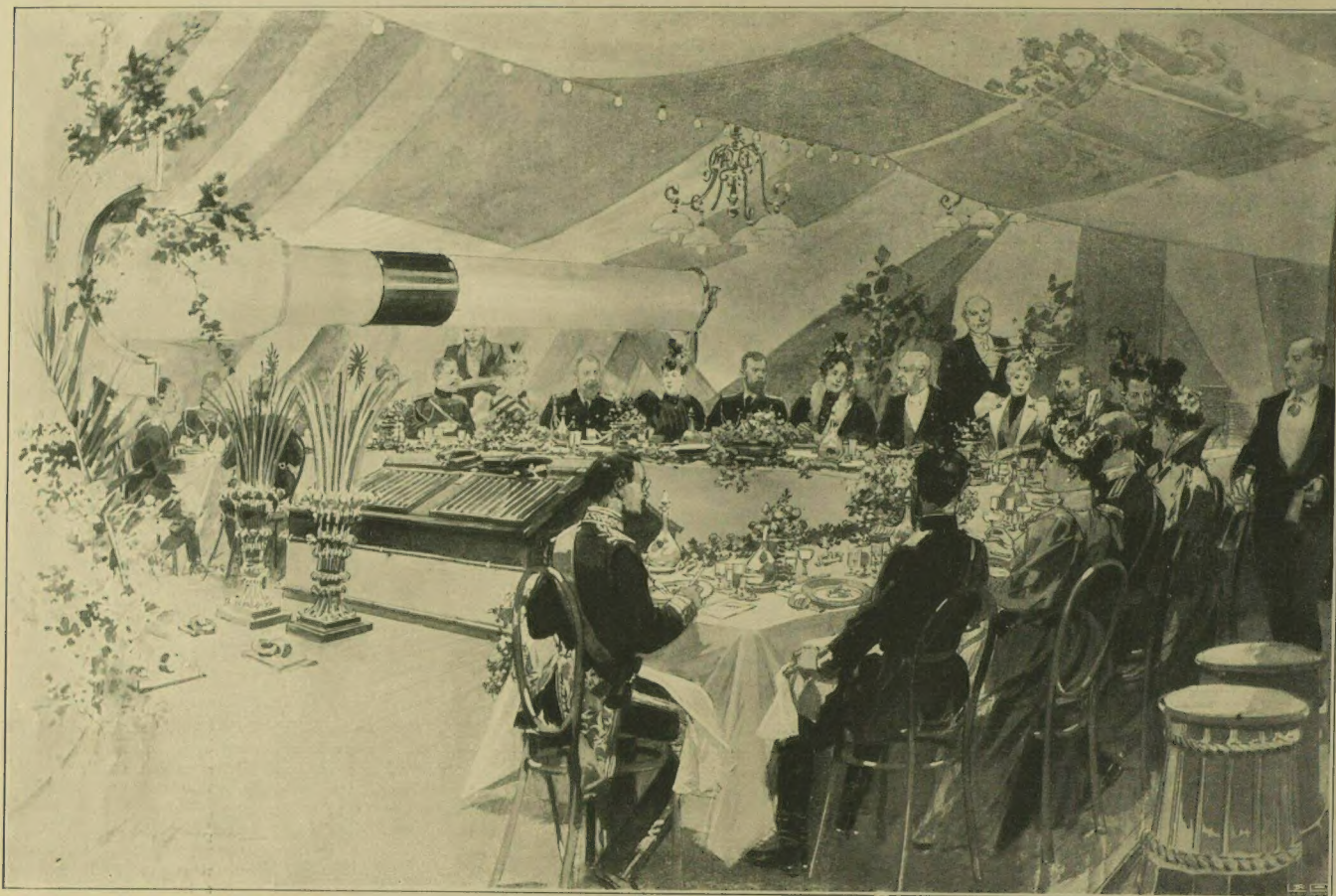
The Spanish Government has decided on a fresh levy of soldiery to the number of 80,000 for service in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, the revolted colonies of Spain.

An earthquake, followed by a sudden inflow of the sea, on the coast of Japan, has destroyed over two hundred lives, including those of men working in a colliery which was submerged.

The steamer *Windward*, with Mr. F. G. Jackson and his comrades of the Jackson-Harmsworth Franz Josef Land Arctic Exploring Expedition, which set forth in July, 1895, has arrived safely on its return to London. The expedition has been entirely successful.

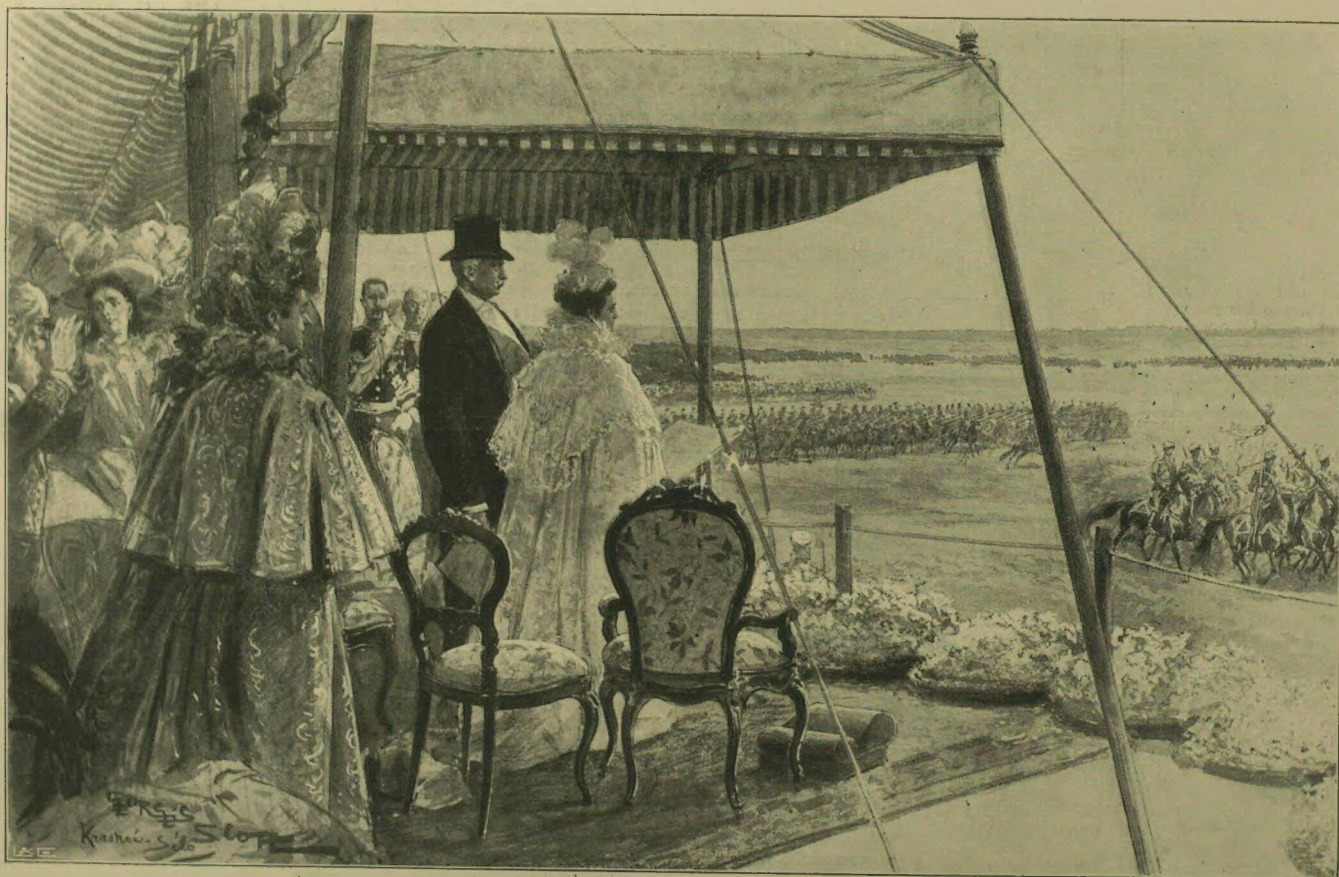


PRESIDENT FAURE'S VISIT TO RUSSIA.



THE CZAR, CZARINA, AND PRESIDENT FAURE AT THE FAREWELL LUNCH ON BOARD THE FRENCH FLAG-SHIP "POTHUAT."

*Drawn by F. de Haenen, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."*

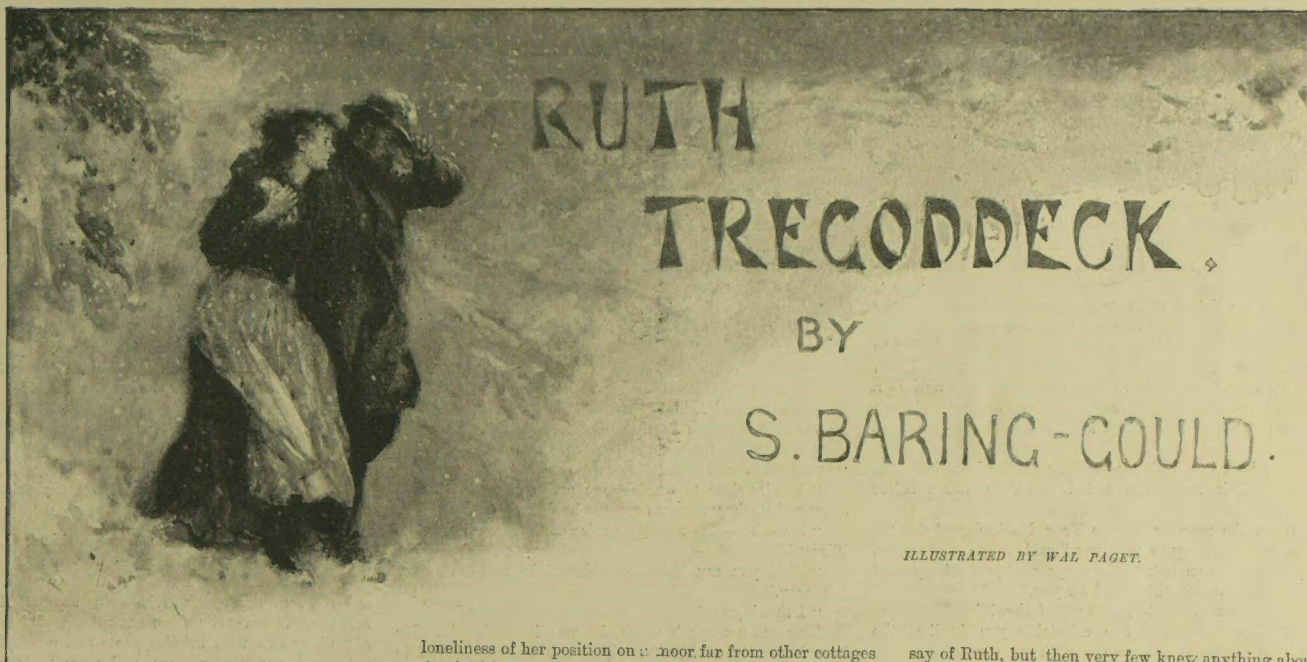


THE CZARINA AND PRESIDENT FAURE WATCHING THE MILITARY REVIEW AT KRASNOE SELO.

*Drawn by Georges Scott, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."*

SEE PAGE 327.





# RUTH TREGODDECK

BY

S. BARING-GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL. PAGET.

IT was a happy chance that the preparation and export of china clay started into an industry much about the same time that tin-mining languished to death in the granitic districts of the West of England. It did not, indeed, engage all the hands thrown out of work by the shutting down of the mines; but it did find employment for a percentage of the men, so that all were not compelled to migrate to South Africa and Brazil. The china clay is the dissolved feldspar left by the erosion of the granite during vast ages, and it lies in pans that were once, no doubt, lakes, and covers downs and shoulders of hills, wherever, in fact, water streamed as the everlasting hills were being washed away by the tears of heaven. Under some nine to sixteen feet of bog and peat, black as ink, comes a bed of the purest white clay wholly devoid of iron, so that, when burnt, it does not turn red, but becomes porcelain. But it is not for the manufacture of porcelain alone that the china clay is exploited. Great quantities go to Manchester and wherever else calico is manufactured, so as to fortify the fibre and give to the material a fictitious appearance of fineness, solidity, and gloss. Not only so, but after it has been dried into aluminous cake it is sent to the paper-makers and fortifies paper as it does calico. The printing of cheap books and newspapers is actually effected on china clay—a little of fibre and a great deal of earth. The consequences will be that in a few years the great bulk of our literature will be resolved into dust, or paste. Printing-ink eats into the clay and disappears after a while. Not very long ago the Italian Government had occasion to look back at some records a few years old, but found that the whole mass had been converted into pulp—the paper employed had been, in the main, china clay with a modicum of fibre. The neighbourhood of the works where this clay is raised is not enhanced in beauty by them. The coverlet of turf has been turned back and has exposed the white shroud in which the rock has lain as dead for centuries untold. This deposit is dug out and washed in pans that eliminate the fine from the coarse, and separate gravel from clay. The stream that has been employed for the purpose flows the colour of milk, and is readily drunk by cows attracted by the sweetish taste imparted by the clay; and the roads leading from the works are splashed with spilt mud, white as snow. The men employed return from their labour looking like millers.

The clay beds are always on moors, for this very good reason: that in the clay itself nothing will grow, and the peat above it is moisture-sodden owing to the impervious nature of the subsoil.

Facing the south, commanding a wide prospect, in a dip of the moor under an outcrop of granite, stood a cottage. It was small, thatched with rushes, and the walls of rude stones unset in mortar, but with the joints stopped in with china clay and moss. This was the cottage of the Tregoddecks, of the father, George, and of his daughter Ruth, who kept house for him and his son Joshua, half-bright, and younger than his sister by three years.

Tregoddeck worked at the clay; he was a somewhat rough-tempered man, and when angered not sparing of bad words, generally inclined to grumble at those who were his superiors, and captious and irritable towards his children.

The boy inherited some of his father's churlishness, but there was none of it in Ruth, whose life, however, might have excused occasional ebullitions of discontent, as she was hard-worked, and paid with growls only; the

loneliness of her position on a moor far from other cottages deprived her, moreover, of companions of her own sex and age. Her life was one of continuous toil and very little play. But she bore her lot with equanimity, was gentle, good-natured, and tactful. No one had a hard word to

say of Ruth, but then very few knew anything about her, to be able to say of her evil or good.

One evening George Tregoddeck returned from his work in a particularly bad humour; but he said nothing. He seated himself at the table, rested his head in his



*She descended into the quarry and there found, in the driving snow, the captain seated on a block of granite.*



hands, and when Ruth placed supper before him, thrust the food aside with a grunt.

"Is there anything the matter, father?" she asked timidly.

"Matter!—just about. I've got the sack. This comes of having boys set over one."

"Turned away from the works!" gasped Ruth.

"If you choose to put it so. I say I've turned my back on the works."

"But what shall you do, father?"

"I'll find a place somewhere, don't you trouble."

"But we shall have to leave this house!"

"And ain't there better houses to be found elsewhere?"

Then the list of grievances came out: the captain, the boss, had been "agin" him for long, had found fault with his work, had complained of him as idle when he halted to wipe his nose, had told the managers he was a bad hand, had nagged at him, and at last had given him notice—a month; but George had been too lousy to accept so long a notice; he had picked up his tools and gone off at once.

"And I've sold all my bedding to Jim Nankivet, and he'll fetch it to-morrow, and I'm off to find a better bunk."

Upon the morrow George Tregoddeck departed. "I ain't got no money to give you," said he to his daughter. "You must go on tick to the shops, and just eat up what is left in the house, till I send for you."

"And how are we to get to you, father?"

"When I'm settled in comfortable, you'll sell all the sticks in the house and come on with the proceeds."

Without more words, he departed on the morrow; and one, two, nearly three months elapsed and nothing was heard of him. The children had been left at the coming on of winter, without money, without a supply of fuel having been provided, without certainty as to what was in store for them.

Under the circumstances they suffered; Ruth without murmuring. Not so the weak-minded brother, who was working into passionate resentment against Caleb Worth, the head man or captain of the clay-works, who had harassed and then discharged his father, and to whose account he laid the privations now endured.

Had the neighbourhood been peopled, Ruth might readily have found odd jobs, charring, cleaning, washing, mending; but there were no inhabitants of the moorside, and she had to seek work at long distances, necessitating very early rising and a walk before she reached a house, and a late return at night. At home, Josh was almost helpless. He was given bread to eat, and set a task—to collect wood, to bring in turf, to feed the poultry, but could not be relied on to execute what was imposed on him. That he would eat, grumble, lounge and sleep was all that could be predicated.

Days grew shorter, cold keener, and still no news from or of George Tregoddeck. As want made itself more and more felt in the cottage, even Ruth's heart became contracted towards the captain, who was the cause of her suffering. She knew him by sight; she had never spoken to him. He was a man of thirty-five, unusually young to be in charge of the works, but reputed to be intelligent and able above his fellows. Some dissatisfaction existed among those employed at having set over them a man so little advanced in years, yet none doubted that he was qualified in other ways for his office.

On a stormy evening Ruth sat over the low, glowing embers of turf on the hearth, listening to the howling of the north-east wind, endeavouring to do some darning by the red glow, but obliged every now and then to desist, as her eyes were wearied.

All at once the door was thrown open, and with an inane laugh Josh burst in, his coat patched with snow.

"He'll be done for; that's fine," said he.

"Who do you mean?" asked Ruth, looking round, then further—"Where have you been? And what have you been about?"

"Tis he!—stumbled over those rocks at the Little Quar, and he's lyin' at the bottom; and whether he's broke his neck or collar-bone don't concern me. He'll be buried in snow in half an hour, and serve him right."

"Who do you mean?" again asked Ruth.

"He shouted to me to help him; but I wouldn't do it. Some chaps sez I'm soft. I would be soft if I helped he on to his feet again, after what he done to vaither."

"What—the cap'n?"

"Ees—I reckon."

"Good heavens, Josh! you left him in the snow, fallen?"

"Of course I did. 'Tain't I as would hold out a hand to he. No—not a little finger—not I."

"At the Little Quar?"

"Ees, I reckon."

Without another word, without putting on a bonnet, or drawing a shawl over her head, Ruth ran from the cottage. In a moment she was in the swirl of the wind, that almost carried her off her feet.

The storm had come on suddenly, and with the violence of a hurricane. It was charged with snow, not in large flakes, but in small rime-like powder, dense so as to obscure the sight. Ruth, however, knew her direction. The Little Quar was a mass of rock close to the track by

which the cottage was reached, lying on one side of it, a bank of turf above rock forming a face of about twenty feet. In the snow, nothing easier than to miss the ill-traced, uncertain track and stumble over the edge. Quar is a contraction for Quarry, and the Quar was, in fact, an abortive attempted excavation for granite. After a little stone had been extracted, the quality had proved unsatisfactory and the excavation had been abandoned.

The distance was not great, and Ruth speedily reached it and called. She was answered by a man—

"Help, someone!"

She descended into the quarry and there found, in the driving snow, the captain seated on a block of granite.

"I've fallen over and have hurt my leg."

"Broke?" asked Ruth.

"No—I've felt the bone—that's right, but I can't get along without help."

"Lean on me."

She went to Caleb Worth, put her strong arm round him, and he laid his over her shoulders. Thus assisted, he was able to get out of the abandoned quarry.

"I'm feared I can't get back to the works," said he, "It's swellin' and I'm bruised all over."

"You're close to our cottage and can go in there," answered Ruth, "then we can get help."

"I doubt—to-night. It's coming on a reg'lar blizzard."

"Well, you can bide there the night, and to-morrow get away."

"I thank you."

He could not speak much, he was in such pain. He leaned heavily on her shoulders; she exerted herself to lift him along.

"I'm a terrible weight," said he apologetically.

"I'm accustomed to bear," she answered.

Then he said no more. Every movement, every step was torture.

The distance was not four hundred yards—it seemed to both five times the distance, so slow was the progress. Ruth feared at each step that his powers of endurance would give way—he, lest her strength should be exhausted, and she would be unable to support him further. Presently she drew a long breath—"Thank God, here we be!" Still sustaining him, she threw open the door and saw the fire, and Josh sitting in the chimney-corner. He was baking potatoes in the ashes.

"What! You've brought him?" exclaimed the boy. "You're a fool. If I'd thought you'd ha' done that, I'd a-took a stone and knocked him on the head."

"For shame!" said Ruth. "Get a light—he is much hurt and—he must have vaither's bed."

"There ain't nothing on it but the straw ty."

Ruth placed the captain in the chair she had vacated.

"Get a light, Josh."

"Where'm I to get one?" the boy asked sullenly. "We ain't got not a taller dip in the house."

"Are you easier?" enquired the girl in a gentle, compassionate tone, as she let the suffering man down on the seat, and raised the injured ankle on a mat she threw over a block of wood, as an improvised stool.

"I shall be better when I have my stocking and shoe off," said he.

"You shall be put to bed directly," she said, and hastened from the room.

In half an hour the bed was ready, and Captain Worth assisted to it. By this time his leg had been bared, and was so swollen that there was no likelihood of his being able to get his boot on again for some days. Josh was sent to bed. Ruth spent the night by the fire. Through the hours of darkness the wind raged with increasing fury; it drove through the interstices of the walls, it carried comminuted snow-dust under the rafters, but on the other hand it ceased to send streaks of snow under the door, for it had piled a drift against it.

When morning arrived, it glimmered feebly through the loaded panes of the window. The wind was still blowing a hurricane.

"Come, Josh," said Ruth. "Be a good boy and clear away some of the snow."

"Wot's the use, when more is comin' on? I say, there's some't smells rare good; what be it?"

"Only a fowl I have been cooking."

"A fowl! That's fine. I bet you and I eats it, and don't give none to the cap'n."

"Josh—I killed her for him."

"What—the last we have! Who's the fool? Not I, as folks say, but you, Ruth. I wish vaither were back. He was drove away by this chap who is here—and you kill our last fowl for he!"

Captain Worth was able to rise, and, with assistance, to hobble into the kitchen, where he sat by the fire. He was desirous of communicating with the works, but the storm continued with little abatement all day, and Ruth and her brother were constrained to shovel at the snow to keep a way open from their door to the peat rick, now reduced to a miserable remnant.

When, for a while, there was a slight lull, Ruth sent her brother forth to essay the path and find whether it was possible to communicate with the works.

Whilst he was absent Caleb looked at the girl. She had a handsome, well-moulded face, with a tinge of sadness in it, dark eyes and dark hair.

"Ruth," he said, "I am sorry to have to put you to so much trouble."

"I am thankful that I knew of your accident, and that it happened so near our house. But, cap'n, what was it brought you this way?"

He slapped his thigh. "Drat it!" said he, "If I hadn't forgot till this minute. There has been a letter lying at the count-house for you for some days, and neither you nor your brother came that way. Then, thinking it oughtn't to lie there longer, and that there might be something in it, I brought it on, after the work hours were over."

He fumbled in his breast pocket and produced a letter.

"I cannot read," said Ruth colouring. "Please to open and let me know what is writ in it."

At that moment Josh came in.

"'Tain't possible to get through," said he, "I've been to my armpits in the snow; it's drifted—just amazin'."

"And Josh, here's a letter from vaither."

"Yes," said Worth, "it is from your father."

"No one else could ha' written to us," said Ruth. "Do now read it out to Josh and me."

Captain Caleb Worth had some difficulty in deciphering the scrawl, that was unpunctuated, badly spelled, and as badly expressed.

"Dere Ruth and Josh. Hoping this finds you as it leaves me. I couldnt find nothing nowhere so I comes along into Whales, and fumbles about till I've got a sort of a sitivation in my eye with a shop as sells backer and callicow and tea and golden sirrup and a widdier. Theres a garding two with bristlesprouts and a weeping hash as witnessed our young loves, and were that there widdier consented to be mine. Hand theres powldry in the backyard dorkins and wotnot. And the widdier sez you and Josh is to come along and shell set you summut to do. Youm to be sarvint to us and do all the work, and clene the boots and cook, and shell keep you going she sez sez she. Youm to sell the furnitur and if you wants more borer of the naybers and come along. And I shall be a gemmeman and smoke and do nothing but admire the widdier as wont be a widdier no more but yor new maminy."

"Hurrah!" said Josh, "I'm glad we be going from this place. I hate it, and all belonging to it."

Captain Worth folded the letter.

"There is no money in it?" asked Ruth.

"Not a penny."

"I don't see how we can leave," said she musingly.

"Why not?"

She looked into the fire, and, nursing her knee, fell into a study. She was in debt. The sale of the poor little goods in the cottage would not clear her, and the journey to Wales for both would be costly. As to borrowing money—that she would not do without any prospect of being able to repay it.

"Well, Ruth, what will you do?"

"I do not know. I do not see how I can go."

"Afraid of having to clean boots, and cook, and be kept going?"

"Oh no! It is not that. I—I must think over it."

"I shall go," said Josh.

"You shall, Josh, if you can."

Another night was spent in the cottage, and during the night the storm suddenly fell. In the morning the sky was clear, and the sun shone, and shone on a glittering white world.

"Josh," said Ruth, "go out and try to get through to the works."

"I tell you it's no good. I tried yesterday."

When the boy had made up his mind, nothing would move him. Ruth knew this, and wasted no words in endeavours to persuade him to make the experiment.

She started herself, leaving her brother and the lamed captain by the fire.

She had not been long gone before Josh, who had been eyeing Worth sullenly for a while, broke forth with—"I wonder you bain't ashamed of yourself."

"Why so? It was no fault of mine that I met with the fall."

"'Tain't that," said Josh, "it's the spunging on Ruth and me. You—you who druv vaither away, and nigh on starved us. And that's not all. Vaither he sold all his bedding afore he went, and Ruth she took all hers for your bed—and it's cold enough with blankets; it's confounded cold without."

"Your sister has been without cover?"

"Not a stitch but her own clothes. And that fowl too—we did have an egg now and then—but mostwise nort but dry bread. And she killed and roast'n for you, and never took a bone herself. And the tea—she's made it extra strong for you; and now there's not a leaf left, and the bread is near eat up as would ha' lasted her and me a week."

"Good heavens!" Caleb crimsoned over his brow and cheeks. "You do not tell me you are in want?"

"I reckon it is want when one ain't got nothin'. Thanks to you vaither lost his place, and we've had nort coming in these three months. We can't live on air, I reckon, leastways on the moors."

"Have you no money?"

"Not a penny. Everything is gone, and we've sold what we could sell or we'd ha' starved. But now I don't



care—I'll go to my vaither as has got a widdar and her house and shop and sweeties and poultry yard."

"Go you shall," said the young captain, "I will find you the money."

"And Ruth too?"

"She must decide that; perhaps she may stay."

"Look here," said the sulky boy, and he pulled out a drawer. "Here Ruth keeps the brass, and when there's brass in it she turns the key lest I get my fingers in. Now, there's not a farthing in the drawer." He looked into the corner. "There is the bread-cupboard," he threw it open. "Not a crust left. We might have pushed along another week but for you. Now Ruth says we must go into the workhouse till she's sold the sticks in the house, and then she'll send me on to vaither—but she—she won't leave the country till she has paid all that she owes. She'll go into service. But I'll tell you what: you will lend us the money. Vaither said us was to borrow."

"I shall be glad enough to lend you the money to get you out of the way."

"Hurrah! and Ruth too?"

"You know very well she would not accept the loan."

Then in came Ruth, wearied, warm, soaked to the bone, and panting.

"I've been through," was all she could say, and dropped into a chair. And, indeed, she had gone through a hard struggle. In places the drifts were deep, and the snow was soft as soapuds. Here and there in exposed spots the snow had been swept away by the wind, but only to pile it in others. She was very pretty with the fresh colour in her cheek, and her eyes sparkling after the exertion, her hair dishevelled by the labour of wading; plunging through the snow enhanced her good looks. Caleb looked at her with pleasure. He said nothing, he waited till she had regained her breath. Then she said in short sentences—

"The men—coming—take you away."

"You desire to be rid of me, Ruth?"

"We cannot keep you—longer."

"But if the road be too rough for me to be carried?"

"We cannot keep you."

"Ruth, I told him all," said Josh.

She deepened in colour, and lowered her head on her bosom. Presently she said, "There's Josh must go off at once to vaither."

"And you?"

"I'm going into service, and shall sell all there be in the house."

"I will buy that. I've cast my eye about, and will take the lot for twelve pounds. Here's five to show I'm in earnest."

"By goles!" exclaimed Josh, "that'll help me to vaither."

"It is more than our bits of furniture are worth," said Ruth.

"Not to me."

"It is enough to pay all our little debts and take us both to Wales."

"Then you are resolved to go?"

"I must—I suppose. I'm bound to go."

"But you said you was going into service."

"Because we owed money, and I couldn't leave till all was paid—but if you pay so handsome—"

"Then I shall withdraw. Josh! cut out and see if the men be coming."

The boy obeyed.

After some minutes he returned.

"I've heard their voices," said he. "But there's a reglar hill of snow they must get through afore they get here. Well, Ruth, be you goin' into service or no?"

"Josh," said Caleb, "it's more like me goin' into service."

"You—how's that? to whom?"

"To your sister—to spend all my life and labour in making her comfortable and happy."

"Then ain't she goin' to vaither?"

"No, I reckon she'll have other duties as'll tie her here."

A twelvemonth later, a badly written letter arrived at the clay works, addressed—

"Missus Worth as was Ruth Tregoddeek."

"Please open and read it to me," said Ruth, putting it into her husband's hand.

The letter was from her father—

"Hoping this finds you as it leves me. Vokes tork of George and the Draging—I think its all the draging and George. Wot I knoes is she has it orl her one way with me. I has to clene the boots and be andy man, and doo the dorstep, and clene out the powldrey, and kep working from morn till nite, and hev to lite the fires too, and Josh, i wil say that of er, er's tort im to work, or er takes the stick to is back. And me, I be sent to chapill to better my pore sole, and aint give none of the golden sirupp nor backey. To the wurks I got eiten shillin a weke, that's three shillin a day and eit ours of wurk, and now with this ere widdar as was, I get eiten ours work a day, hand she gives me a threpens to enjy myself upon at the hend of the weke. Its a cryin shame, and wust luck, I cant git away, cos she's marrid me and coud send the perlice to bring me back. I wish I was at the clay agin, I does, by goles."

To which was a postscript by Joshua—

"So does I, by goles. Jos as was, a miserubble creeter as is."

And to this a second postscript, by the father—

"Glad you've marrid the captin. Sarven out as the

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The late Sir George Osborne Morgan was a member of Canon Page Roberts's church in Vere Street. He attended regularly every Sunday morning, and his place was in the front seat of the gallery. He was a great admirer of Canon Page Roberts's sermons, and appreciated especially his friendly attitude to Nonconformists. Sir George and his rector had many an argument in private over the question of Disestablishment. On more than one occasion I have seen the congregation cast curious glances towards the gallery when, during the lifetime of the last Government, the preacher was pointing out the objections to the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales.

The Bishop of Rochester and Canon Gore will sail from Liverpool for New York on the *Campania* on Sept. 4, and their main object is to attend by invitation the Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew at Buffalo. In a letter to the diocese Dr. Talbot says, "I owe to the kindness of one of our own laymen the opportunity of visiting at an extraordinarily low cost the great scenery of the Rocky Mountains. I hope that we may be able to take this wonderful bit of unadulterated holiday."

No steps towards filling up the vacancy in Marylebone Presbyterian Church are to be taken till October, when the members will have returned from their holidays. There will then be a meeting of the congregation to consider the question of a successor to Dr. Pentecost.

Canon Winnington-Ingram returns from his holiday to-morrow, Sept. 4, and will be in town until the meeting of the Church Congress.

The *Guardian* publishes a list of the English addresses of Colonial and American Bishops who are now in this country. Nearly seventy Bishops are mentioned; but of these several are already on their way home. The Bishop of Nova Scotia sailed from Liverpool last Saturday.

The Archbishop of Armagh will be the guest of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Mount Stewart to meet the Duke and Duchess of York, and he is to preach before their Royal Highnesses and the other visitors on Sunday.

Bishop Browne is expected to take up his residence in Bristol or Clifton on or about Nov. 1.

A writer in the *Guardian* says that Bishop Walsham How's successor will find the diocese thoroughly organised. "Bishopgarth House has been built more as a home for ordination candidates than as a roomy residence. Bishopgarth garden has been planted by a lover of herbs and trees."

A correspondent of the *Guardian* thinks that the experiment of singing without a choir at Westminster Abbey has been successful. "It was evident," he says, "that there was an *esprit de corps* among the worshippers, and the congregation sang with might and main. Only once was there a slight pause, when the amateur organist failed to give even a note for the response to the Litany, and every-one was shy of beginning. The singing did not compare with that of ordinary Sunday afternoons, but it was more reverent than it sometimes is when the choir is present." It is, however, admitted that the hymns were sung too slowly.

The Rev. A. H. Ward, first Vicar of the well-known Ritualistic Church of St. Raphael, Bristol, has resigned owing to failing health, and will cease to be Vicar from Oct. 12. Mr. Ward has for nearly forty years been one of the most interesting figures in the clerical circles of Bristol. His church was opened in May 1859, Archdeacon Denison preaching in the morning and Canon Moseley in the evening. The late Canon Liddon, who was at that time much in Bristol, used to watch with interest the work of building. Canon Liddon was often to be seen among the congregation. Mr. Ward's chief work has been the founding of the St. Raphael's Community, a sisterhood based upon the methods of St. Vincent de Paul.

The living of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, which is in the gift of the Simeon Trustees, has been accepted by the Rev. H. Lionel James, for nine years past Vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Everton. Mr. James was ordained from St. Aidan's, and after fulfilling a curacy at Ipswich held the living of Laxey, Isle of Man, a twelvemonth. He returned to Suffolk, however, in 1885 to become Vicar of Walberswick, whence he passed to Everton.

The Rev. George Marshall, Rector of Milton, who died last week, will be much missed in the neighbourhood of Abingdon, of which he had been Rural Dean for upwards of thirteen years. He was formerly Censor and latterly an honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

Peter Lombard says in the *Church Times* that the large number of Americans who have been in England this year has led to the introduction of President McKinley's name into the collects for the Queen. At one church where this was done an American Bishop who was present ejaculated a loud "Amen" in advance of everyone else, and remarked in the vestry that he felt for a moment as if his rapture would choke him.



He fumbled in his breast-pocket and produced a letter.

widdar sarves me, cos he turnd me out of my sivation, and sent me to this whales of tears. Tis my fervunt prair at chapill, were I'm fussed to go, wile she's taking her little drops to mery, and none for me but the glass to clene when I come back from chapill."

THE END.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE DUKE OF YORK WATCHING THE JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.





THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE DUKE OF YORK PRESENTING WHIPS TO THE DRIVERS OF THE FOURS-IN-HAND AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.*



## NATURE IN SEPTEMBER.

On the first of September sportsmen turn their attention to the partridges—

And through the wheat stubble  
Is heard the frequent gun.

The coveys, feeding on the fallen grain, see them coming, and keeping out of range, seek shelter in the turnips or any standing corn. Sometimes, in showery weather, the growth between the stubbles and the uncut clovers are sufficient to hide them, but the habit of the English birds is to rise and seek greater security. Their French cousins, which have been introduced in some parts, will crouch and race along the ground for salvation. Have you noticed the smiles of satisfaction on the faces of the sportsmen when they have succeeded in breaking up a covey? They know that the scattered birds will sit closer for the dogs. Now comes the working of the coveys by the persistent pointers and gunners, the game being put up by the one to be brought down by the other. Whatever obstacles are in the way, the marksmen must face them, vying with one another in grounding the birds; for the procession at night, if it is to be a triumphant one, must bring with it well-filled bags, though the men and dogs be exhausted.

September is pre-eminently the month for ripened fruits. Giles rears his tall ladder against the laden boughs of the apple and pear-trees, and drops their luscious burdens into the extended apron of Phyllis or shakes them down into the outspread net or straw. But he does not gather all. The blackbird on yon towering pear is plunging his golden beak into its finest fruit and mingling his banquet with joyous song. More plum-trees are being denuded of their rich, pulpy delicacies. The brambles are weighed with their dark-purple berries, and picturesque children with their tins or baskets are plucking them in almost every lane. The elderberries are black and full, and the good old dames are having them gathered and pressed, to secure their full-bodied syrup for winter evenings. The thorns are now covered with deep-crimson haws, and the briars with scarlet hips. The bright coral berries of the rowans have been pretty well cleared by the thrushes and the blackbirds, who are very fond of them. The oaks are bedecked with acorns, rooks feasting upon them among the branches, and probably pheasants that have strayed from adjoining preserves eating those which have dropped to the ground. The beech-mast begins to fall, and the large, prickly fruits of the horse-chestnut burst open, disclosing their dark, glossy kernels. Spanish chestnuts—not so common in this country—do not, as a rule, reach perfection with us. We must by no means forget that our friends the—

Nuts ripe brown  
Come tumbling down  
In the bountiful month of  
September.

What pleasure there  
used to be in those little  
expeditions with congenial  
company to the  
hazel copses on—

One of those heavenly days  
that cannot die,

when, in clothes we did  
not care about, like  
Wordsworth, we tried  
to find a nook—

Unvisited where not a broken  
leaf lay  
Drooped with its withered  
leaves, ungracious sign  
Of devastation, but the hazels  
were green.

Tall and erect, with milkwhite  
clusters hung,  
A virgin scene.

The yewberries are ripe,  
and out on the moors  
are the cranberries,  
bilberries, and whortle-  
berries ready for the  
grouse or the humanities  
that go to gather them.

When the wild fruits  
are abundant, some of  
the sign-watchers prophesy  
a severe winter. But they  
are not always correct.  
The bounty of the fruit  
harvest is the result of the  
growth of last year's wood  
and the favour of the  
weather at blossoming time.

We must not overlook  
another curious product  
of the earth's generosity—the  
mushrooms, which appear at  
this time. These fungi  
spring up so mysteriously  
in the silence



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: LOOKING DOWN THE KHYBER PASS FROM FORT ALI MUSJID.

From a Photograph by Mr. F. St. John Gore.

and obscurity of the night that their birth has been surrounded by much superstition. Prospero, speaking to the Elves in "The Tempest," says—

You whose pasture  
Is to make midnight mushrooms,

while round them centre the fairy lights that have taken place in the shimmering moonlight under the dainty rule of the good Queen Mab. A season of sunshine followed

to follow them in August, this month marks the height of the emigration, and by the middle of November all the movement will have ceased. The swallows, the reed-warblers, the wheatears, the flycatchers, the sandpipers, the landrails, the wood-wrens, the young cuckoos, the chiffchaffs, the nightjars, the tree-pipits, and the winchats, all now depart for the south.

Snipe reappear at their old haunts, and the moor-hens return to the ponds. The fisherman finds he must relinquish his playing for trout, and betake himself to angling for the coarser fish. Out over the landscape the guano is heaped on many fields, and the farmers are already beginning to plough up the soil which is to receive the winter corn.

The mornings are now grey and the evenings dark. The sun crosses the line to take summer to the south, and gales sometimes accompany his departure. Gardens begin to look untidy, flower-beds be-draggled, and early decrepit leaves lie under the trees. The Virginia-creeper on the houses turn yellow and crimson, and their curled dead leaves hang in the spider-webs that are stretched from the sills of the windows. Winged seeds are flying about from the sycamores, the elms, the hornbeams, the ashes, and the birches. The vegetation on the banks and in the ditches begins to have a broken-down appearance. The autumn tints—yellows and browns and crimsons—are showing themselves in the woods, signs of the coming "passing" of the foliage. September, in "The Pageant," is made to sing—

My song is half a sigh  
Because my green leaves die.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: AFRIDI CHIEF AND KHANS OF THE KHYBER.

From a Photograph by Mr. Bourke, Jelalabad.

SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In an account of the festivities in connection with President Fauro's visit to Russia, a Reuter's telegram informed us last week that on one occasion—namely, on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 25, the people, who had travelled by train in their thousands from St. Petersburg to Peterhof, became so frantic in their acclamations at the sight of the Chief Magistrate of France and the Czar, that the band, which was to have given a miscellaneous selection of music, had to abandon its programme in compliance with the popular enthusiasm, and for five hours played alternately the "Marseillaise" and the Russian National Anthem. The telegram added that the applause of the multitude was unceasing.

Now Reuter's telegrams are, as a rule, written in concise and serviceable—as distinct from elegant—English, so that everyone who runs may read. They are, moreover, eminently trustworthy as regards their information; but, knowing what I do know about Russia and the Russians, especially with reference to the semi-voluntary, semi-enforced attitude of the latter when their national hymn is being played, I must take exception to the word "unceasing." It would be an extremely risky proceeding on the part of any Russian or, for the matter of that, of any listener, irrespective of his nationality, to interrupt the patriotic strain even with expressions of the most genuine approval. From the moment the first notes are sounded to the moment they have died upon the air, he must not only stand uncovered, but perfectly motionless—in fact, "at attention," whether he be a soldier or a civilian, a native or a foreigner, and woe betide him should he fail in this, for he would be roughly handled, probably, by those nearest to him; if not by them by the police or gendarmes never far away in Holy Russia, so the applause could not have been *unceasing*.

It is a small matter, to which I would certainly not have drawn attention but for the thought how the aliens in that crowd at Peterhof must have enjoyed themselves during the five hours the band was pounding away alternately at the "Life for the Czar" and the Revolutionary march attributed to Rouget de Lisle. I say "attributed" because not a note of it was written by the latter, as I have proved more than once. I am only concerned with the aliens in this instance because this same Russian hymn is a sore trial to them. Most people are more or less acquainted with the national anthems of other countries than their own. They have perhaps never heard the Russian one, but no allowance is made for such possible ignorance on the part of foreigners. One evening two English merchant captains were taking their suppers in a café in Sebastopol, when all of

a sudden the band began to play. They took no notice and went on eating. Not for long, however; their plates were snatched away from them by two gendarmes, who conveyed to them pantomimically that they had committed some grievous offence. Someone among the visitors explained to them that they had failed in their respect in not rising and ceasing their mastication while the national anthem was being played. Of course, they apologised by stating the truth—namely, that the strains were not known to them, and as the last bar had been played they prepared to sit down. Not so; the band struck up once more, and a third time, while they (the captains) stood bareheaded and motionless, like two culprits doing penance, and only then the matter was allowed to drop.

Familiarity with the "Life for the Czar" brings other inconveniences. It is "sprung" upon one at all moments, and I have known at least one Englishman who during a somewhat protracted dinner had to let the dishes

grow cold in order to comply thrice with the national custom.

I have been wondering at the same time how Nicholas II. liked two hours and a half of "Marchonging and allonging," as Dickens had it. Nicholas's father was not at all partial to the "Marseillaise," and at the time of the visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt, there was a serious discussion whether it should be played at all. His Ministers' counsel prevailed. They, perhaps, told him the story of Mazarin, when the Parisians were lampooning him in song. "Ils cantent, mais ils payent, laissez les canter!" he said. The chink of French gold in subscription to the Russian loan must have materially softened the sound of "Contre nous de la tyrannie; l'étendard sanglant est levé," etc. Another loan may be necessary in a little while to soften the sound of the latter performances.

After all, Alexander III. was not the only monarch to whom the strains of the "Marseillaise" were distasteful. Napoleon disliked them, although his legions, when he was only General Bonaparte, had marched to some of their most glorious victories to the sound of the "Marseillaise." It was the Directory that made the "Marseillaise" the national anthem, for during the Revolution and the "Terror" it shared popular favour with the "Ca ira," for which the French had really to thank Benjamin Franklin; the "Carmagnole," and "Les Aristocrates à la Lanterne." After Thermidor, the Revolutionary armies marched against the Vendée to the strains of the beautiful "Chant du Départ," and with the advent of the Consulate openly preferred the older song, although the "Marseillaise" was not entirely banished until the Empire, and was not heard again until "the Hundred Days," which practically ended at Waterloo. Napoleon would not or dared not set his face against the "Marseillaise" in Paris, any more than his nephew dared set his face against it after July 15, 1870, but the former's warriors, at any rate, marched to their defeat to the strains of "Veillons au Salut de l'Empire."

During the Restoration the "Marseillaise" was vigorously banished. Nothing took its place positively, but at the accession of Louis Philippe it was suddenly and irresistibly revived, although it is nearly certain that Louis Philippe detested it as much as Guizot, his Prime Minister, and that both must have loathed it more than Napoleon, for had not both their fathers marched to the self-same doom, namely, to the scaffold, to the sound of the hated march? But Louis Philippe's attempt at introducing a new national hymn had failed, and he was perforce obliged to join in the chorus of the old from his balcony when the mob insisted. The *bourgeoisie* did not like it, and Guizot told him so one day. "Do not worry yourself, M. le Ministre," was the King's reply, "I am only moving my lips, I have ceased to pronounce the words long ago." But there was a civil list of £750,000 attached to the make-believe pronunciation. There is a much larger sum attached to Nicholas the Second's listening to the "Marseillaise."



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: DAKKA FORT.

From a Photograph by Mr. Bourke, Jelalabad.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: LUNDI KOTAL PASS, WITH ROAD MADE BY MADRAS SAPPERS.

From a Photograph by Mr. Bourke, Jelalabad.

SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."





THE INDIAN RISING: SKETCHES ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Through Finland in Carls.* By Mrs. Alec Tweedie (A. and C. Black.)  
*From Tales.* By Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett. (W. Heinemann.)  
*Ta Garden, Orchard, and Spinney.* By Phil Robinson. (Isbister and Co.)  
*The Woodland Life.* By Edward Thomas. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)  
*American Humourists.* By Robert Ford. (Alexander Gardner.)  
*Bon-Mots of the Nineteenth Century.* Edited by Walter Jerrold. (J. M. Dent and Co.)  
*Tales in the Longest Reign.* By Sidney Webb. (Grant Richards.)  
*Diary of a Tour through Great Britain in 1795.* (Elliot Stock.)  
*The Spirit of the Day.* By Mulvey Ouseley. (Becton and Co.)  
*The Eastern Crisis and British Policy.* By G. H. Perris. (Chapman and Hall.)  
*An Old Soldier's Memories.* By S. H. Jones-Parry, D.L., late Captain Royal Dublin Fusiliers. (Hurst and Blackett.)  
*Old Memories.* By General Sir Hugh Gough, K.C.B., V.C. (Blackwood and Sons.)  
*Modern Painters.* By John Ruskin. New Edition in Small Form. (George Allen.)  
*The Epic of Sound: An Elementary Interpretation of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring.* By Freda Winworth. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.)

Mrs. Alec Tweedie may not succeed in making Finland tempting to the tourist, but she has written a bright and amusing book. The Finns appear to be a kindly, hospitable race, inclined to corpulence. Liqueur-drinking makes the men fat. They have a partiality for tall hats, which are worn with flannel shirts, and they have a great idea of freedom, which is frequently the subject of conversation in circles where the young men and women sit apart, and the elders wax eloquent on abstract principles. The Finnish evenings must be a little dull; but there is a good deal of excitement about the bath. You bathe in hot water while somebody flogs you with a birch. This will strike the schoolboy as a queer kind of enjoyment. Finland produces the best caviar, but it has a reckless prodigality of insects. In the native Parliament there is a confusion of tongues, as some legislators talk only Finnish and some only Swedish, and every speech has to be translated by an interpreter familiar with both languages. The possibilities of obstruction here must fill an Irish member with envy. While the German *hausfrau* is "scarcely better than a general servant," the Finnish women are thoroughly well educated, and treated by their husbands as equals. Still, they do not seem to be craving for the franchise.

"Dream Tales," is the tenth volume of Miss Constance Garnett's excellent translation of Turgenev. It reveals a quality of this great writer which is not visible in his studies of Russian character. Turgenev had to the full the imaginative mystery of his race. In these dream-stories his gift of subtle observation is subordinated to a fancy as rich as the "Arabian Nights." In one tale, "Phantoms," the narrator is carried through the air every night by the spirit of a woman. They wander over Europe in a few hours. Paris and Rome, ancient and modern, lie beneath them; from the gaiety of the boulevard they pass to the might of Caesar whose legions are murmuring below. The power of vision is matched by an extraordinary minuteness of detail, so that realism and imagination are blended in a masterpiece of literary art. Our story-tellers who practise the uncanny would do well to study this volume of Turgenev.

Mr. Phil Robinson has long been the philosopher and humorist of the garden and the orchard. His new book is a series of delicious papers on the habits of birds and rabbits and picturesque insects. Conventional morality may be shocked by his defence of the wasp. Children have been so long taught to regard the bee as a model of virtue that Mr. Robinson's eulogy of wasps may be deemed demoralising reading in some domestic circles. The wasp is aggressive; so is every pioneer of Empire. Indeed, Mr. Robinson seems to cherish the wasp as the Cecil Rhodes of insects, while he regards the industrious commonplace bee as a little Engländer. There can be no controversy about his birds. They are delightful, especially the rooks. The paper entitled "The First Nest of a Rookery," is an admirable specimen of Mr. Robinson's manner, his inexhaustible observation, and natural humour. Mr. Edward Thomas's "Woodland Life" presents the naturalist in a graver mood. Mr. Thomas is a keen observer, but to the uninitiated his style lacks the illumination of Mr. Robinson's. But it has a charm of its own, and the picturesque figure of the Wiltshire molecatcher in these pages will not easily be forgotten.

American humour has its phases like the fashions, but whereas the fashions often repeat themselves, some kinds of humour have their day and cease to be. In his appreciative sketch of Artemus Ward, Mr. Ford quotes the lecture which Artemus gave at the Egyptian Hall in 1866. It was praised in the *Times*, and established the lecturer's reputation here, but most of it seems very poor fooling now. Some of its phrases still linger. You may hear the amateur humorist of an evening party exclaim, "Why this thushness?" It reduces you to moralising on the fugitive character of mere fun. Mr. Ford justly says that Mark Twain, though in a limited sense a disciple of Artemus Ward, is a much less mechanical joker. Besides, the author of the best romance about Joan of Arc is a literary artist of a high order. Mr. Ford incidentally explains the disappearance of Max Adeler from the ranks of American humorists. "Elbow Room" and "Out of the Hurly-Burly" are unapproachable in pure drollery; but the man who wrote them has given up humour and is now editing a journal of textile manufactures at Philadelphia! His real name is Clark, and he thinks the joke has gone quite far enough. This self-control is remarkable, for most humorists persist in writing long after the spring is dry.

It is not Mr. Walter Jerrold's fault that a good many historic *bon-mots* seem rather flat. When they are collected, they have, for the most part, rather a machine-made air, and rouse the suspicion that the eminent wits on whom they are fastened were perfectly innocent of the paternity. "Leigh Hunt, on being asked by a lady at

dessert if he would not venture upon an orange, replied that he would be very happy to do so, but was afraid that he would tumble off." Does this make any reader laugh? Asked by a friend to walk up a certain street off Piccadilly, Hazlitt said, "I cannot walk up the street, for it's a Down Street both ways." This may have been sparkling at the time, but it does not provoke furious mirth now. But Mr. Jerrold has some better specimens. Most of us are acquainted with solicitors. They ought never to be allowed to forget Judge Norbury's remark when he heard of a shilling subscription to pay the funeral expenses of a poor attorney: "Only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here's a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them!"

Mr. Sidney Webb's little book should be read by optimists who think the entire population of these islands has shared in the prosperity of the Queen's reign. Mr. Webb recognises the material improvement of the industrial conditions as a whole; but "chronic want" remains the condition of a large class. "There are living in our midst to-day considerable masses of people who, as regards their economic circumstances, are still in 1837." Wages are higher, and worth more than they were before; but "the increased cost of rent and meat and milk presses with undue severity upon the helpless poor of our great cities, and does much to keep their condition down to the old bad level." In London the overcrowding of the poorer districts is worse than ever; in Glasgow 33 per cent. of the inhabitants live in single rooms. In Mr. Webb's opinion the chief factor in the industrial degradation of large sections of the community is the "home work" which keeps down earnings—the isolated hand labour, given out by small masters. This isolation, Mr. Webb believes, must be destroyed by "machine industry," which alone ensures "a high standard of life."

In 1795 a Perthshire minister kept a diary of a tour through Great Britain. Unfortunately, the Rev. William MacLitchie was not very observant. "Walk up the north bank of the Tyne to get a prospect of this nasty, sooty, smoky chaos of a town. The views of the river, the bridge, and the boats sailing down with the tide, with the country on each side of the river to the west, are, however, not unpleasant." About a hundred and seventy pages in this style do not make the book very interesting either to the historical student or the general reader. Here is another gem: "The climate of the South of England is very sensibly hotter than that of Perthshire. I have been in a constant state of perspiration for upwards of three weeks." This was evidently more momentous to the reverend tourist than anything else in Great Britain.

Mr. Ouseley's story has spirit and ingenuity; but why does he suppose that it is "characteristic of the age we live in" to believe slander? This, he says, is due to the "influences of a modern education," and not to the disposition of nature. If this is why we lend "a greedy ear" to calumny, how does Mr. Ouseley explain the equal greediness of the ears in Shakspeare? On the whole, this story would be much better without its philosophy.

Mr. Perris's work is a vigorous plea for a more active British policy in the East. A frontispiece by Mr. Walter Crane represents the Greek Perseus saving the Cretan Andromeda from the Turkish dragon. Unhappily, this is not quite historically accurate. Perseus is a fugitive, and Andromeda suffered what is even worse than the dragon—the indifference of the Powers to the anarchy of Crete.

Captain Jones-Parry comes of a fighting stock, and what his reminiscences lack in literary finish is compensated by an element of rough, soldier-like frankness. Comments on men, women, and affairs, and a few good stories, are sandwiched between the narrative of active service in Burma, India, and the Crimea. But, as ill luck would have it, the gallant author was not much in the thick of the fray, and he tells the tales of the relief of Lucknow and of the Balacava charge at second-hand. In the "piping times of peace," he takes us to Evans's, where he saw "hackery"; and to the Argyll Rooms, over the closing of which he heaves an old-world sigh. Now, with sheathed sword, the gallant Captain records his experiences as a District Inspector of the Primrose League, and explains the causes of the decay of the modern farmer.

Sir Hugh Gough's little book has more to tell as the record of one who had his share in the quelling of the Indian Mutiny. Appointed Adjutant of "Hodson's Horse," he found rougher work than opened at Meerut in the storming and capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow. The story of the immediate cause of the outbreak in the refusal of the Sepoys to forfeit caste by biting the ends off greased cartridges, as also the heavy punishment which followed that refusal, is retold. Then we enter upon the succession of horrors of the awful time, which the author recalls from memory and from letters written in 1857. The interest which General Gough anticipates that the book may have for his "friends and family" will be shared by a wide circle.

The new edition of "Modern Painters" is not likely to be the final one, but it places this epoch-making book within the reach of nearly all readers. The page is a little too closely packed, and the familiar green binding is far from ideal, but Mr. Allen has had certain difficulties to contend with which make a better format unattainable. The art principles of Mr. Ruskin no longer pass unchallenged; and yet "Modern Painters" remains a classic, unassailed by subsequent criticism. Here we have English prose in a more highly developed form than in any contemporary writer; and for placing it within the reach of everybody Mr. Allen must be thanked.

In the Babel of books on Wagner there has been no clearer nor more useful guide to the "Ring" than that which Miss Winworth has constructed. To be appreciated in the smallest way, Wagner must be studied in advance; and this little book, beautifully printed and cleverly arranged, is just the thing. The author need not be apologetic. She has had a mission to fulfil, and she has done it exceedingly well.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

It is surprising to find a usually well-informed paper like the *Spectator* stating that in "The Choir Invisible" Messrs. Macmillan and Co. "have introduced us to a new American writer of real distinction of style and delicacy of imagination." Mr. James Lane Allen, whose name the *Spectator* prints in inverted commas, and wrongly surmises to be a woman, has long been before the English public. Indeed, there are many critics who prefer his "Summer in Arcady" and "A Kentucky Cardinal" to "The Choir Invisible." Some other of Mr. Allen's books are obtainable in London in a pleasantly accessible form. Mr. David Douglas, who has done us so many unforgettable services by his dainty publication of American authors, has included two of them in his shilling series. These are "Flute and Violin" and "Sister Dolorosa."

Mr. James Lane Allen has been a student of Kentucky University, and like the hero of "The Choir Invisible," was a school-teacher for many years, ultimately filling the chair of Latin in Bethany College, West Virginia. I trust that it will not be long before Mr. Allen and his friend Mr. McArthur, the editor of the *New York Bookman*, will pay us a visit in England.

A great deal has been said about the new edition of Mr. Kipling's works which Messrs. Scribner are publishing in America, and which Messrs. Macmillan have issued here; and it has been compared with the limited editions of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson and of Mr. Meredith which are now appearing in monthly volumes. It has, however, been ignored that there is a limited edition of another author, which, so far as the mechanical side of its production is concerned, quite eclipses everything that has been done in this way. This is a limited edition of Mr. J. M. Barrie's works. It is published in America by the Scribners, and in England by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is limited to one hundred and fifty copies, and is beautifully printed upon Japanese paper. There are some very fine illustrations by Mr. Hatherell and other artists; and, altogether, I think Mr. Barrie may fairly claim that his publishers have quite beaten the record in the way of the artistic publication of an author's works in complete form.

This is in no way to disparage the admirable edition of Robert Louis Stevenson, which, in spite of the prophecies of some of the critics, is daily increasing in value, and is certain ultimately to fetch a large price. There are many things collected into this edition which are not likely to be reprinted elsewhere, and, in fact, which Mr. Stevenson's executors have bound themselves not to reprint while the copyright lasts. There are, it is true, sundry miscellaneous contributions of Mr. Stevenson's to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other journals, which are not likely to see the light here or elsewhere, but, any way, that is not of very much importance. A great writer's casual journalism is a thing which he would prefer should be forgotten, and Mr. Stevenson would no more have cared for the reprint of his *Pall Mall Gazette* articles than Mr. Meredith would approve of the reprinting of his contributions to an Ipswich newspaper long years ago. There has been considerable disparagement of Mr. Stevenson of late, but the would-be writer of the future will do well not to take much count of this. Mr. Stevenson can give him much help to the formation of a style that is calculated to command attention; Mr. Stevenson's critics can give him none.

The new edition of Mr. George Meredith's novels is not less worthy of attention and of purchase by those who can possibly afford it; and although I possess first editions of every one of Mr. Meredith's novels, I am not less proud to own the new library edition. Some serious injury was done to the books when Messrs. Constable began to publish them, by the rumour obtaining currency that Mr. Meredith had made very considerable alterations; and alterations, even by the author, of books which are looked upon as classics always excite distrust. Had Sir Walter Scott when he revised his novels for publication in 1829 made any material excisions or changes, the rush for his first editions would have been much greater than it is, and now that the copyright is exhausted, publishers would be certain to reprint from the first edition, and not, as they all do, from the revised edition of 1829-30. It was, however, a false alarm with regard to Mr. Meredith: the changes that he had made were too trivial for serious consideration, and when it is stated that, so far as type is concerned, the new edition of Meredith is quite the best in which any novelist's works have been reprinted, it will be seen, I think, that one is wise to become a subscriber to this edition.

Yet another author has attained to the glories of a large-paper and limited form; that is Lever. The new edition of Lever, which Messrs. Downey and Co. are steadily issuing, is one which should also find a great number of subscribers. Lever has enjoyed an enormous popularity in this country. That popularity waned for many years, in spite of the steady growth of an interest in Ireland and Irish literature. There is now some measure of revival, if we may judge from the fact that other publishers have thought it worth their while to reprint "Charles O'Malley" and Lever's other novels. Messrs. Downey's edition, however, with all the plates by Cruickshank, gives one an opportunity of reading Lever under the most pleasant conditions, and I can testify, from having myself re-read them, that Lever's rollicking humour and abundant fun and frolic are as fresh and attractive to-day as our fathers found them.

We are in an age of handsome books. I know of nothing more delightful than the fine quarto editions which Mr. Arthur Humphreys—the publisher who is best known in Piccadilly under the name of Hatchard—has issued of "Marcus Aurelius," "Epictetus," and "Thomas à Kempis." These three works, the profound influence of which is undying, are here presented in a form in which every book-lover should be anxious to possess them. The type is splendid, the paper beautiful. C. K. S.



## PRESIDENT FAURE IN RUSSIA.

All doubts as to the real significance of the visit of President Faure to Russia and its immediate results have been set at rest by the announcement of the conclusion of a definite treaty of alliance between France and Russia, and the President of the French Republic has had the supreme satisfaction of returning home amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, both French and Russian. The splendid reception given to M. Faure at St. Petersburg foreshadowed the attainment of the object for which French and Russian statesmen have long been working, but the public announcement of a formal alliance was postponed from day to day through all the brilliant ceremonial with which the French President's visit was celebrated, almost until that visit's close. The farewell luncheon, however, given on board the French war-ship *Pothuau*, put an end alike to the growing disappointment of Franco-Russian enthusiasts, and to the relief of those who had less cause to welcome such an alliance, for the toasts exchanged on that occasion by the Czar and his distinguished guest gave clear announcement of the formation of "a fresh bond between two friendly and allied nations," to quote the Czar's own words, "equally resolved to contribute with all their power to the maintenance of the peace of the world in a spirit of right and equity." The formal treaty of the new alliance had, it seems, already been signed, but only within a few hours of its public declaration, for it bears the date of the same day, Aug. 26.

In the domain of international politics, therefore, the farewell luncheon on board the French war-ship stands out as the most conspicuous ceremony of President Faure's visit to Russia, but the more picturesque pomp which formed the prologue to the declaration of alliance must not pass unnoted in our columns. Rarely, if ever, has a royal representative of a foreign country received a more elaborate reception, or been entertained on a more lavish scale of splendour than the President of the French Republic. On his arrival in Cronstadt harbour, on the *Pothuau*, the



PRESIDENT FAURE IN RUSSIA: HIS PORTRAIT ON THE KIOSKS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Drawn by George Scott, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."

Grand Duke Alexis conducted him on board the imperial yacht, *Alexandra*. As the President passed from the *Pothuau* to the *Alexandra* by boat the men on the various vessels in the harbour dressed ship, and the strains of the "Marseillaise" swelled out from Russian bands, while the band on the French war-ship returned the compliment by playing the Russian National Anthem. On the deck of the *Alexandra* the Czar received his guest, whom he embraced amid the loud cheering of seamen and sightseers. It was through a dense crowd of spectators that the Czar and his guest, accompanied by the Grand Dukes, subsequently drove to the Peterhof Palace, the state rooms of which had been allotted to M. Faure's use. And while the President was being entertained in princely fashion the sailors of the French squadron were not forgotten, for banquets and hospitality of all kinds had been organised for their enjoyment, and wherever they went the Russian crowd hailed them as friends whom it delighted to honour. An interesting feature of the reception given to the French President by the municipal authorities of St. Petersburg was the presentation of the Russian offering of bread and salt. The military review at Krasnoe Selo, which was the chief event of the third day of M. Faure's visit, formed a most imposing pageant, no less than fifty thousand troops taking part in the final march past. President Faure sat with the Czar and Czarina in a tent upon a raised plateau, and at a luncheon attended by the flower of Russian royalty and chivalry, he proposed the toast of the Russian army in response to that of the French army given by the Czar. The services between them claimed the chief toasts of that day, for in the evening President Faure proposed the Russian navy at a great banquet given in the Peterhof Palace. The luncheon on the *Pothuau* the next day brought the momentous announcement of "The Dual Alliance," and M. Faure subsequently took leave of his imperial host and departed on his homeward voyage amid a scene of enthusiasm only surpassed by that which has reigned in Paris since the conclusion of the treaty.



PRESIDENT FAURE'S VISIT TO RUSSIA.—THE CZAR AND M. FAURE DISEMBARKING AT PETERHOF: BAND OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR PLAYING THE "MARSEILLAISE."

Drawn by F. de Hennen, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."





THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

*Drawn by Henry Steward.*





THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT COPENHAGEN: THE QUEEN OF DENMARK, THE PRINCESS OF WALES, AND THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND AT THE AMALIENBORG PALACE.  
*Drawn from a Photograph by Mary Steen.*



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

At this time of year the eager listener may hear rumours of the fashions which are to be, and so long as she eagerly listens to the right authority, valuable information may reach her. Rumour invariably lies; we have it on the



AN UP-TO-DATE COSTUME.

authority of a most eminent person; but there is a substratum of truth in the report that plaids are to be well worn this autumn. I must mention, in passing, that I have spread this intelligence abroad and at home now for some weeks. The best of the new plaids belong to no special clan, their colouring having been culled for their artistic unity, their dimensions being small rather than large. The two colours towards which there is an affectionate tendency are red and purple, and these, by the way, the observant may observe, plead for our favour regularly each autumn, even as grey and drab do in the early spring. Plaid skirts, then, are to be one of the orders of our autumn days. It is far more becoming to complete these with bodices of plain cloth than with bodices of the same material, and the pouched description of bodice will continue to be patronised, but with a difference; the pouch will only be permitted in the front, it having been discovered by the wise that it is only to the very few that the bodice which overhangs its belt at the back is becoming. There are two examples of bodices pouched over in the front illustrated on this page to-day; the one dress would look well made of velvet, and velvet always has its votaries in the third and fourth seasons of the year. Green velvet, for instance, I would choose for it, with a conventional pattern traced in jet, the belt of jet, and the revers of the bodice decorated with small frills of lace, one laid over the other, and revealing a frilled shirt, fashioned somewhat in that aggressive form of shirt adopted by our great-grandfathers for high days and holidays. A simpler method of making the same gown, and one which would be successful, would be in cloth, with the patterns worked at the corners of the skirt and on the bodice in broad strappings of the same cloth, or braids would successfully make these designs, and we have by no means exhausted our love of braid during last winter, when it reappeared among us after a long period of neglect.

There are coats in Paris at the moment completely covered with braid, and there are many skirts with conventional patterns of braid extending from waist to hem, even as the lace patterns have been extending on the summer fabrics. I saw the most effective skirts trimmed with lines of braid, high at the back, and brought slanting towards the front into a vandyke. Quite a charming black dress I have recently met made on these lines, the braid being narrow, and each row being set about one inch from the other. The skirt boasted but little fullness, and the lines of the braid being high at the back and slanting towards the front gave an effect of slenderness to the figure. The bodice was loose in the front with a short basque and a belt, and it had facings of white cloth. The belt was of gold galloon with jet motifs on it, and the shirt front, which was displayed by revers, was of white muslin, tucked and striped horizontally with muslin frills hemmed with lace, these setting from a tight collar-band of the jetted gold galloon. The other costume illustrated is a cloth gown in dark blue, the skirt trimmed with triple tucks of drab and blue, drab facings being used to the

jabot-like revers; a leather belt clasped with metal is round the waist, and a shirt front of white cambric is finished with a plaid tie.

But a word for the materials for the autumn. These, by the way, show no conspicuous novelty, but when did anything in the world of dress deserve such encomium? I notice some fabrics of a poplin tendency, both plain, in many colours, and also plaid checked with black. A dice pattern effect in brown poplin alternating with squares of black is new, and the same idea is most successfully carried out in bright green and black. Then there are woollen poplins closely resembling our old friend corduroy, and there is the usual collection of covert-coatings in some capital shades of green and purple and some fanciful mohairs, rather too harsh of texture to meet with my approbation; while there is a novelty in Hopsack, very coarse and canvas-like of surface, regularly interwoven in three colours; this looks very well. The plain-faced cloths reappear as ever, and the "Vicuna" cloths are offering themselves persuasively with infinitesimal checks on their surface and narrow lines of black. There are several materials combining silk and wool, a pattern of wool being on a silken ground; and these have been labelled by the authorities "for matrons' cloaks," but they have no reasonable excuse for existing; they lack charm, and I really, for my part, do not see why matrons should have the burden of them cast upon their shoulders, already overlaid by fashion. It is a curious thing, but quite true, that fashion either ignores the needs of the matron altogether—mind you, I am speaking of the portly matron of some forty summers—or else lays upon her the weight of many furbelows and elaborations numerous. Nine matrons out of ten, even if they have arrived at that comfortable *embonpoint* which is, or used to be before the days of cycling, the distinguishing feature of the British variety of the kind, will look best in the plain coat and skirt, the coat with a semi-fitting front and a tight back. But all sorts of monstrosities in the shape of elaborate jet and velvet dolmans, mantles of stiff silk, embellished with lace frills, are perpetually being designed for their especial benefit. But I will get into the subject again, the phantom of want of space forbids me more now.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

It seems as if the profession of veterinary surgeon would be a very suitable one for a woman. Now that so many ladies keep and breed dogs, especially the little toy pets that are as fragile and sensitive as babies, the services of women "vets." in the illnesses and hygienic management of the race might very often be preferred. It is certainly, at any rate, an occupation that a woman ought to be free to try her success in—there is no reason on public or general grounds for closing it against her. However, the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons has refused to admit a lady to examination, asserting that all its charters and its rules were drawn out on the assumption that men alone would seek qualification, and that therefore it would unduly strain the statutes to admit women. It is said that the lady thus repulsed intends to appeal to the Law Courts.

A return has been issued giving the excess of females over males in the various countries of the world. The only two old countries in which there is asserted to be a preponderance of males are Italy and Greece, and a note informs us that this is probably the result of imperfect taking of censuses and does not represent facts. In the new countries, including America, there is a surplus of males, but nothing like equivalent to the European contrary balance. Thus it appears that "the races tend to feminise themselves" in a very literal sense.

Brussels, always a gay and bright little town for a short sojourn, is now more attractive than ever for a holiday by reason of its Exhibition. The city is very easily and pleasantly reached by the Great Eastern Company's service, via Antwerp, which has large boats with a deep draught, so that they are steady at sea like Atlantic liners, and not tossed about like the smaller cross-Channel boats. These Harwich and Antwerp vessels have, further, the great advantage of providing sleeping-cabins, with two to six beds in each, instead of the painful general cabin in which we lie around and make one another ill. In the English section of the Exhibition by far the most notable display is in the fine arts. Our painters make a brave show, and have carried off a large proportion of the medals awarded. One is sorry to see that so few women artists were invited to send. The fine collection of women's paintings now on view at Earl's Court shows how many there are worthy to have their work placed in an international display. However, there are a few Englishwomen's pictures at Brussels, and Mrs. Allingham's charming Surrey cottages have secured for her the award of a medal.

There is a "Woman's Work Section," in which a number of girls are daily to be seen pursuing their avocations. The majority of them, naturally, are lace-makers, producing the speciality of the country. It is shocking to know that for the monotonous hand-skilled and eye-trying labour of lace-making the wage is but half a franc for the long day. Think of toiling all day, with the attention and the eyesight on the strain, for five-pence! Artificial flower-making is another Brussels speciality; very few of the blossoms that adorn our hats are made at home. It was interesting to see the manufacture of a snowdrop: how the blossom had to be quite elaborately constructed, and then how the stem had to be covered with green paper by deftly twisting fingers, and how the blossom had to be caught in at the right moment to hang gracefully—and then to reflect that the result will be sold retail in England for three or four pence the dozen. There is embroidering going on, and cigarette-making, and toy-making, and various

other manual labours. Then there are shows of individual ingenuity, the most pleasing being a mosaic decoration for china plates, made out of tiny scraps of old postage stamps, the effects produced being quite artistic, and such elaborate designs as coats of arms with the motto complete being achieved.

But the most interesting feature of all is the show of what is done by Belgium for the technical education of her girls for domestic life. In the first place, there are higher schools provided to follow on after the primary ones, in which girls can remain till they are eighteen, learning the languages that it is needful for the natives of an insignificant little country to know in order to communicate with their richer neighbours (outside Brussels, all the same, a large proportion of the working people speak nothing but their own Flemish), and at the same time they learn cooking, cutting-out, making, and darning and repairing clothes, the elements of hygiene and child-tending, and other useful domestic lore. Many girls take this course for a year or two years after the age (fourteen) for leaving the primary school. Those who remain longer than that study some technical course also, and learn to design dresses, lace, or wall-paper, to paint china, etc. But besides these secondary schools for the rising generation, there are all over the country *écoles ménagères*, where women of any age may take a course of practical lessons in cookery, in making up plain clothing, and in repairing. In the show of these adult schools of housewifery, one saw beautifully pieced aprons and blouses, new-footed stockings supplied with these requisites from the legs of another old pair, and the like. Surely we are much in need of such institutions here.

A law has passed the Massachusetts Legislature forbidding any person to wear, or to have in his or her possession for the purpose of trimming women's hats or bonnets, the bodies or wings of birds. It is probable that the latter cause was aimed at milliners, but the effect of it is to make it an offence for a visitor from another place to have a wing-trimmed hat in her box, even if she does not wear it. Of all hypocritical agitations this one against the use of feathers on millinery seems to me the worst. It is no real hardship for bird or beast to die; but if it were, how worse than foolish would it be to strain over the gnat of killing for adornment—one wing to serve its turn for four months—and say not a word about the camel of wholesale killing for sport, a hundred birds to a gun, perhaps, in one day's battue; or a shooting match, where tame birds are let out of a trap to be shot at, and too often



A BLUE CLOTH DRESS.

are merely maimed and left to die in slow misery. The Massachusetts Legislature is in this regard as faulty as our own agitators for "bird protection." Sport is unmentioned; ornament only is aimed at.

F. F.-M.

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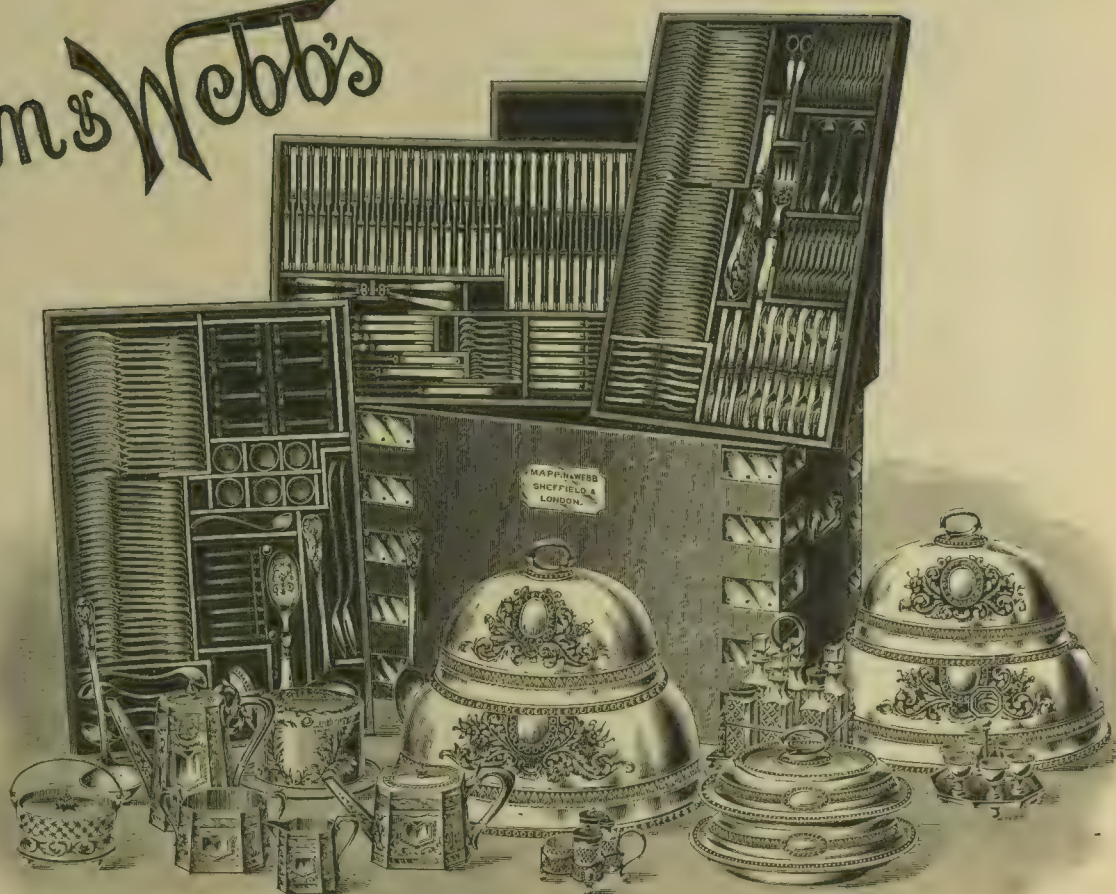
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## A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Larthia Sciantia was dead. Her husband was inconsolable. "At least," he said to his brother-in-law, who strove to comfort him for the loss of his beautiful young wife—carried suddenly off after a few days of typhoid—"all that art can do to make her long sleep a happy one shall be done by my orders. I will go to the finest craftsman of tombs in Clusium."

The maker of monuments was all obsequious attention. They called him in at once, he hastened in his best black suit to the house of mourning. In the outer hall, Sciantia's two baby boys were playing, with a somewhat chilled mirth, dimly aware that some terrible thing had happened to Mother. "That's the man who's come to make Mother's tomb," Arnth whispered to Aulo, "Nurse told me he was coming." Aulo said nothing, but went on dragging his little cart round the marble hall, with his doll laid out on it, "going to Mother's funeral."

"I could model you a very nice tomb like the one I made for the late Lady Ramtha," the sculptor remarked, after the customary civilities in the subdued voice of conventional sympathy. "It was a superior sarcophagus of best Tarquinian alabaster. I represented the deceased lady on the lid, in the attitude of a feast, as is now so fashionable. She had a cup in her hand, which was in the act of raising with dignity to her lips. You must have seen the design, for don't I recollect you were one of the guests at the funeral?"

"No, thank you," the Larth answered. "I would rather not have anything like that. I wish my dear wife to be represented as I have always seen her, not as banqueting or feasting. The idea of a dinner-party seems to me unsuitable for so solemn an occasion."

"They are very much ordered now, these monuments, though," the sculptor went on. "We have constant commissions for them. The Volumini put up nothing else at all at their fine family vault near Perugia."

"Fashion doesn't matter to me," the Larth replied. "What I think of is my poor darling's eternal comfort. A tomb is not like a house: one inhabits it for eternity. She would not have wished a cup herself. My beloved Larthia cared very little for dinner-parties. Though, to be sure, she was always a perfect hostess."

"Everybody in Society knows how charmingly the Larthia used to preside at her own table," the sculptor answered deferentially. "She was indeed the model of a high-bred Etruscan lady. And the poor—the poor have lost a generous friend in her. But what do you say to a sarcophagus like one I recently completed for an order from Cortona? The deceased lady was represented in high relief on the front, bidding farewell to her sorrowing friends and family. I took the idea from a fine Athenian marble original, imported for a wealthy patron at Paesulo."

Larth Scians shook his head. "No, no," he replied. "I won't have that either. I don't want to perpetuate the memory of our last sad parting. That is, as it were, an accident in her history. I want the essential. I would rather see my dear wife, when I go to offer the yearly gifts at her grave, dressed in her everyday costume, and reclining as I know her on her couch with her needlework. Represent her just so, in the very dress I will lend you; put this cushion beneath her elbow; lay this mirror by her side; give her these bracelets, that necklace, her sewing, her worsted; and then I shall feel she goes on in the tomb living the same placid, affectionate, domestic life I have always admired in her."

"Coloured terra-cotta, I suppose?" the sculptor suggested. "Alabaster or marble for heroic work, you know; clay alone for domestic. In that material I could make her face absolutely lifelike. You might almost suppose it was the deceased lady herself if you entered hurriedly."

"So make it," the Larth answered, brushing a tear from his eyes. "Spare no expense on the craftsmanship. Let me see her as she lived—calm, dignified, courteous—with her jewellery and ornaments, a lady and a mother."

When the tomb was completed all Clusium wondered at it. "It's every bit as fine as good Greek work," old Vipi Serturi said; and Vipi Serturi was considered a connoisseur in sculpture. The dead lady sat half reclining on her sumptuous cushions, in her habit as she lived, very gracious and gentle, with her work and her ornaments. They carried her out reverently, in this noble sarcophagus, stretched out at full length, clad in the self-same robe that she wore in effigy on the lid, and with her Oriental jewellery on her neck and bosom. Just before they closed it down, the mourning husband caught up her favourite silver mirror—engraved with a charming design of Apollo, Bacchus, and Semele—and laid it by her side. Then Arnth and Aulo were brought in to kiss the bloodless lips. Aulo touched them mechanically, Arnth, a year older, shrank away in vague terror, and could hardly be induced to say good-bye to his mother.

At the vault they offered up the customary gifts, and the heart-broken husband called the solemn farewell. Two carved serpents by the door served to keep away evil demons. All was done in the best style. Sculptor and undertaker were quite proud of their performance.

"And I must leave her?" Larth Scians cried at last, drawing a deep breath.

"You must leave her," the priest answered, pointing the way to the door. "I have commended our dear lady to the kindly care of Manius and Mania, the god and goddess who rule the under-world, and to the guardian spirits who protect the dead. Her tomb is large and wide; you have fitted it nobly with couches, chairs, and tables for our dear lady's use. She has her servants and her friends, her robes and her ornaments. There she shall live her underground life, unseen of men, but in honour and dignity. Seal up the chamber, workmen! Once a year, Larth Scians, you shall visit her again for the funeral feast. But she herself shall now rest where we have laid her till the great resurrection."

And I confess, when I drew aside the curtains which surround her coffin in Room XXI. of the Etruscan Museum at Florence, and read on the label: "Sarcophagus of Larthia Sciantia, Cemetery of Chiusi (Clusium), Second Century B.C."—I felt we had small right so to intrude upon a great lady's privacy. But her face and dress are charming.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

II D'O BERNARD.—Your three-mover admits of a second solution by 1. K to K B 2nd, etc. As regards the two-mover, it is impossible for us to publish the amended version, but we certainly note your remarks about possible adaptation.

W. S. GIBSON (Cheltenham).—Your criticism would be more effective if you had not so fully solved the problem. A composer so clever as yourself ought at least to be aware of this.

ASSOCIATED PRESS.—We are much obliged, and regret having put you to so much trouble.

CHIVALRIAN DEBARKERS.—Very acceptable, and we hope to find it all right.

F. J. H.—We do not quite understand your question; but, anyway, 1. K to Q 3rd is the only way to solve the problem in three moves.

W. H. GREGORY and F. J. H.—To hand, with thanks.

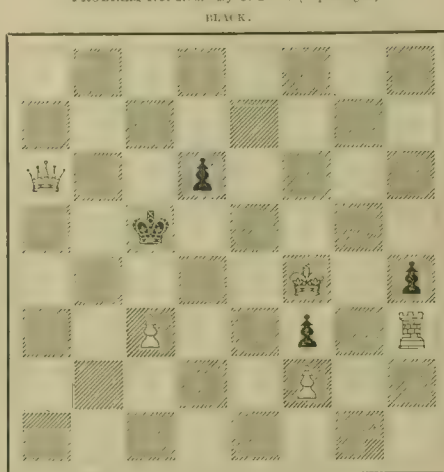
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2778 received from W. R. James (Bangalore); of No. 2781 from L. Desanges, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), and T. Wells; of No. 2782 from F. J. Candy (Croydon), T. C. D. (Dublin), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), F. C. Ingram (Malta); of No. 2784 from T. G. (Ware), E. G. Boys, John D. Swinton (Hawick, N.B.), Hernut, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), and A. St. A. P. (Lyde).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2781 received from R. H. Brooks, Alpha, Shadforth, F. J. Candy (Croydon), J. L. Welch, A. St. A. P. (Lyde), E. G. Boys, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Hernut, T. G. (Ware), L. Andrews (Knightsbridge), M. A. E. P. H. S. Brandreth (Corbina), T. C. D. (Dublin), H. Le Jeune, F. Anderson, C. E. Ferguson, Hereford, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C. M. A. B. H. D'O Bernard (Linton), Miss D. G. Gregory (Grange-over-Sands), Sorrento, Dartington, Dr. F. S. Edwards (Slough), G. T. Hughes (Barnham), Thomas Harrington (Barnet), T. Roberts, F. Hooper (Putney), Bluet, F. A. Carter (Maldon), R. A. Jones (Greenwich), E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), J. Bailey (Newark), W. R. B. (Tifton), F. Hollings, and E. P. Vulliamy.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2781. By D. MACKAY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to K 3rd. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2780.—By C. DABL (Copenhagen).



WHITE. BLACK.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at Chemnitz, Saxony, between Mr. HARTWIG and another AMATEUR.

(Allgier-Thorold Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Amateur). WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Amateur).  
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th. 12. P takes P. K takes P.  
2. P to K 4th. P takes P. 13. P takes K. P takes B.  
3. K to K B 3rd. P to K 4th. 14. Q to Q 3rd (ch). K to R 4th.  
4. P to K 4th. P to K 5th. 15. K to K 2nd. R to R sq.  
5. K to K 5th. P to K 3rd. 16. R to K 5th. P takes B.  
6. K takes R. K takes K. 17. Q to R 7th (ch). K to R 3rd.  
7. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th. 18. K to K 2nd. P to R 4th.  
8. B takes P. K to K B 3rd. 19. Q to R 3rd. K takes P.  
9. K to R 3rd. K to R 3rd. 20. Q to R 2nd. Mates.  
10. B to Q 5th. B to K 2nd.  
B to K 2nd was much better, and would have reserved a good square for the King.  
11. Castles. K to K 3rd.

Another Game between the Same Opponents.

(Lamp-Algier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Amateur). WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Amateur).  
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th. 11. B to K 5th. R to R 2nd.  
2. K to Q 3rd. K to Q 3rd. 12. B takes P. P to R 4th.  
3. P to K 4th. P takes P. 13. Q to Q 2nd. K takes P.  
4. K to B 3rd. P to K 4th. 14. R to R 8th.  
5. P to K 4th. P to K 5th. 15. Very well played. It also shows the importance of White's previous move.  
6. K to K 4th. P to K 3rd. 16. Q to K 5th (ch). K to B 2nd.  
7. K takes P. K takes K. 17. Q to R sq. (ch). Q to R 3rd.  
8. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th. 18. B takes K. K to K sq.  
9. B takes P. B to Q 5th. 19. B takes B. B takes B.  
So far the opening is correct, but the next continuation is P takes P. B to B 4th (ch); K to K 3rd; P to Q 5th, K to R 4th, etc.  
10. B to K 2nd. B takes K (ch).  
11. P takes B. P takes P.  
The correct move was K to B 3rd.  
12. Castles. K to K 3rd.  
13. P to Q 5th. Q to K 2nd.

The town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne has been the happy recipient of the princely gift of £100,000 from Mr. John Hall, the well-known shipowner. Mr. Hall offered the money for the building of a new infirmary on Town Moor, on condition that the equivalent sum already subscribed should be appropriated to the working expenses of the new institution, but as this condition proved very easy of observance, Mr. Hall's generous offer has been gladly accepted.

The annual garden party and sports of Mr. T. J. Lipton's counting house staff were held on Saturday, Aug. 21, at Mr. Lipton's country residence, Osidge, Southgate. As in former years, the event was a great and deserved success. The merry party numbered about five hundred ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Lipton personally superintended with much geniality the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of his guests. The various sports were keenly contested by lads and lasses alike, the humorous events causing much laughter. In the evening the prizes were distributed by Mr. Lipton, and afterwards a concert was held, and a spirited dance concluded a most enjoyable holiday.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The question whether or not we should drink as freely as we feel inclined in the hot weather, is one which has cropped up, as usual, in the course of the very tropical days through which we have lately been passing. The medical journals, I observe, are discussing the matter, and it is a topic I have heard debated very often within the past few weeks. In the smoking-room of the Hotel Victoria at Davos, for example, a few of us there assembled had quite a symposium over the "to be or not to be" of drinking when one felt thirsty. The symposium had special reference to the assuaging of the thirst of the man who was climbing the Alps. Everybody there was interested in the matter, for everybody did a little mountaineering; and it was agreed that the question was one easy of solution, from one point of view at least. This phase was that of the practised climber. He was strong and immovable on the point that, when engaged in active exertion, there should be no water or other liquid taken. You might feel as parched as a dry pea, but the stern, inexorable rule was, "No drink." You might wash out the mouth with a little water, but none was to be swallowed. Even when you had got to the top of the mountain, you were to be sparing in your attention to the fluid part of the lunch. These things make for happiness, said the climbers, and from the practical man's point of view I suppose they were right.

But a little further discussion seems to modify these deliberately expressed opinions. On cross-examination, an old hand at hill-climbing admitted that he meant a full supply of water when he abjured drinking. His argument was directed to show the folly of a thirsty man drinking as freely as he might, and probably would, drink when engaged in a toilsome ascent. Admitted it was, that a small quantity of water could not do any harm, and that such a moderate amount might do good. So it was agreed that while a full stomach could only impede the heart and respiration, one might assuage one's thirst in moderation; but as we parted for the night the veteran of the party said, by way of a parting shot: "But mind, the less water the better; and the best is none at all!" The medical journals blow hot and cold on the subject in a really distressful way—distressful, at least, to the man who comes to them for advice gratis, a commodity, however, which they are not fond of supplying. They admit that the human body consists of about two-thirds of water by weight. They know that water enters intimately into the composition of living matter everywhere; they remind us that water is needed for all the works of vitality, and they teach us, finally, that from lungs, skin, and kidneys we are always parting with water as the result of our waste processes. Hunger is a condition which affects the stomach, locally at first, at any rate, and is not so difficult to bear with; but thirst, affecting every cell of the frame, is a terrible torment, and represents the desperate cry of the physical man for a water-supply.

How, then, do the wisecracks say we should treat ourselves (and other people) in hot weather in the matter of drinks? They all condemn ices and cold drinks (in quantity), because cold things induce shock. Ices, too, are sugared, and sugar is a thirst-provoker, of course; while it is added that drinking leads to an increase of perspiration, and this drain of water from the body means a new supply of fluid. It is a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, in a physiological sense. Yet one can hardly see an avenue of escape from the idea that to assuage thirst is as necessary a thing as to take solid food. Alcoholics, everybody agrees, are bad things in hot weather, but of non-alcoholic drinks it appears, finally, the thirsty man (I do not mean the man engaged in severe exertion) may partake in strict moderation. Above all, he must take his liquid food slowly. In fact, he ought to sip it. And so we get to the end of the matter in this way—that Nature is stronger than we are, and that when our bodies cry out for water they must have it sooner or later: later in the case of the lazy man; but in both cases no alcohol, and in all cases the liquid to be sipped slowly.

The British Association has gone far afield this year, and has jaunted off to Toronto. Ill-natured people here are saying "It never will be missed," but this is pure cynicism. I observe that Professor Michael Foster, who, of all men, is entitled to the respect and admiration of those interested in the spread of a knowledge of physiological science, gave an admirable *résumé* of the progress of that branch of knowledge, extending from 1884 to 1897. Dr. Foster shows forth clearly enough the enormous strides physiology has made in those last thirteen years or so. Yet, with all deference to one who in his text-books writes with clear and facile pen, I think Dr. Foster might have made certain abstruse points a little more evident to the ordinary mortal. He forgot he was addressing a mixed audience when he remarked of the physiology of hearing that we can show to-day "how the impulses undergoing a relay in the tuberculum acusticum and accessory nucleus pass by the stric acustice and trapezoid fibres to the superior olive and trapezoid nucleus, and onwards by the lateral fillet to the posterior corpus quadrigeminum and to the cortex of the temporo-sphenoidal convolution." Only the scientist can understand what Professor Foster means here. The sentence I have quoted will afford a text for the funny men who make capital out of the dullness of science, and will make others exclaim anew about the absurdity of attempting to teach science to the people.

It is a pity the course of the sensations of hearing was not detailed in a more popular manner, considering the audience Dr. Foster was addressing. But the place of the translator here comes into play. Men like Ball, Dallinger, Lewes, Laurie, Roberts, and Miall are the interpreters who in their lectures break down the hard bits of pure science for easy popular digestion. This last is the rôle of the true instructor of the people, and in the matter of bringing before them the latest knowledge, couched in popular language, who shall deny his high calling?



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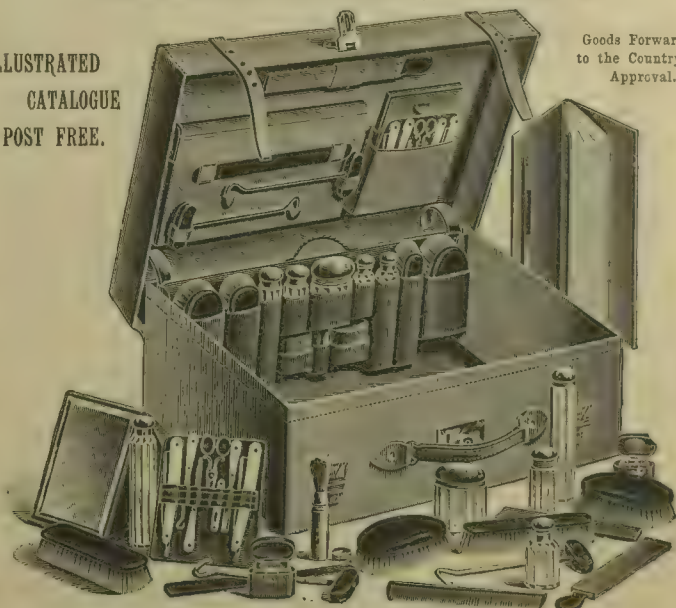
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THE ROYAL WEDDING  
AT COPENHAGEN.

The Danish capital held high festival on Aug. 27 in honour of the marriage of Princess Ingeborg of Denmark with Prince Charles of Norway and Sweden. The peculiarly happy circumstances of the marriage, which unites in close bonds of kinship the royal house of Sweden and Norway with that of Denmark, and thus binds together the three Scandinavian peoples, made the betrothal of the young Prince and Princess very popular in each of their respective countries; but by the unwritten law which fixes the bride's home as the scene of her marriage it was reserved for the loyal subjects of the King of Denmark to set the seal of their approval upon the union with the outward and visible sign of popular rejoicing, and this they did with great enthusiasm. The wedding service was held in the church of the Christiansborg Palace at Copenhagen. The King of Sweden acted as best man to his son, and the bride was given away by her father, the Crown Prince of Denmark. The large gathering of royal personages present at the ceremony included the King and Queen of Denmark, grandparents of the bride, the Crown Princess of Denmark, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden and Norway, and other members of the Scandinavian royal families. The Danish Ministers, the Norwegian Premier, and the diplomatic representatives of other Governments were also present.

The royal bridegroom, Prince Charles, is the third son of King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, and bears the second title of Duke of Westergötland. Princess Ingeborg is the second daughter of the Crown Prince of Denmark, and will be remembered by our English readers as one of the girlish bridesmaids seen at the wedding of our own Princess Maud with Prince Charles of Denmark a year ago.

The farmers of the Midlands are up in arms. Not literally, it is true, but with none the less vigorous a revolt from the would-be tyranny of the sportsman. The growing scarcity of foxes in "the shires" has led the



Photo Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

PRINCESS INGEBORG OF DENMARK.

Photo G. Förmann, Stockholm.

PRINCE CHARLES OF SWEDEN.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COPENHAGEN.

hunting enthusiasts to import a number of cubs from Germany. The young animals have been set free in the degenerate districts, there to wander at their own sweet will until the hunting season comes round again. Unfortunately neither the will of the cubs nor that of their provident importers coincides with that of the average farmer, who finds his nightly anxieties heavily increased by the sudden reappearance of his old enemy. And the grievance does not end there, for it seems that the German fox out-Reynolds Reynard in characteristics unpleasing to the agriculturist. Foxes of any kind, say the farmers, are bad enough, but foxes made in Germany are not to be endured at any price.

The Duke of Devonshire, at the Skipton Agricultural Society's annual show dinner, intimated that the Government intends taking further steps for the benefit of farmers, but advised these to attend to improving short-horns and other breeds of cattle. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, at a Durham dinner, said that Government was doing something to improve the breed of horses, and it might be possible to take measures for improving other live stock.

Hawson; £2000, upon trust, for Clara Jackson; £2000 to the children of his cousin John Webster; £2000 to the children of his cousin William Swift; £4000 to the children of his uncle Richard Birks; £2000 to the children of his aunt Ann Greaves; £2000 each to James Swift and John Swift; all the pictures, plate, and household furniture at Welham Hall to his niece Emily Garland; and many other legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He devises his real estates in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire and elsewhere to Arthur Robert Garland. The residue of his personal estate he leaves as to one fourth thereof to the children of his nephew Harry Garland; one fourth to his niece Emily Garland; and one fourth each, upon trust, for his nieces Rose Hawson and Agnes Swift, for life, and then for their respective children.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1897) of Mr. William Nathaniel Froy, of Brunswick Works, King Street, Hammersmith, and Albury, Putney Hill, who died on June 4, was proved on Aug. 24 by Mrs. Rebecca Froy, the widow, Herbert Pigott Froy, and David Stanley Froy, the sons,

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 9, 1895), with a codicil (dated June 19, 1896), of Mr. William Birks, of Welham Hall, near Retford, Notts, who died on June 17, has been proved by George Kenyon, Arthur Robert Garland, and John Owsnsworth Garland, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £406,614. The testator gives £35,000 each to Arthur Robert Garland, John Owsnsworth Garland, and William Henry Fox Garland; £5000 each, upon trust, for Alice Gertrude Garland, Beatrice Elizabeth Garland, and Emily Garland (all the above being children of his nephew, Harry Garland); £12,000 between the seven children of his deceased sister, Catherine Smithson; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his nieces Rose Hawson and Agnes Swift, for life, and at their respective deaths to their children; the income of a sum of £10,000 to his niece Bertha Garland, for her life; £3000, upon trust, for Catherine Hawson; £1500 each to the ten children of Julia

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Francis James Dickens and Vickers Dunfee, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £90,234. The testator gives £500 and the use of his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £2500, during her life, to his wife; £150 per annum to his sister, Caroline Sarah Blamy; for her life; £100 per annum to his cousin, Clara Adelaide Piggott; £1 a week to his brother, Alfred George Froy; and legacies to people in his employ. He devises his freehold house in Westwick Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, to his sister, Mrs. Blamy, during her life, and at her decease to her daughter, Laura Theresa Blamy. During the life of his wife he gives £600 per annum each to his daughters, Mrs. Florence Rebecca Dickens and Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Dunfee, and the remainder of the income of his residuary estate between all his children. At the decease of Mrs. Froy he bequeaths £7500 each to his daughters, Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Dunfee (being the same amount as he had already settled on them on their marriage), and the ultimate residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fourth each for his two sons, and one fourth each, upon trust, for his two daughters.

The will (dated June 10, 1890), with two codicils (both dated Jan. 16, 1897), of Sir Henry Daniel Gooch, Bart., of Clewer Park, near Windsor, who died on June 24, was proved on Aug. 21 by Sir Daniel Fulthorpe Gooch, Bart., the son, and Thomas Mark Merriman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £38,282. The testator appoints under the powers given to him by the will of his late father, £2000 per annum to his wife, Mary Kelsall, Lady Gooch, for life, to be reduced to £500 per

annum in the event of her re-marrying; and he gives his silver plate and silver gilt plate to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter, Alitha Maud; his plated articles, and his villa at Cannes with the furniture and effects to his wife; certain furniture and effects, horses and carriages at Clewer as she may select to his wife; and the remainder of his furniture and effects, horses and carriages to his said son. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his said daughter, for life, and then to her children or remoter issue as she may appoint.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1893) of Mr. Hugh Penfold Wyatt, J.P., D.L., of Cissbury, Findon, Sussex, and 18, Oxford Square, W., who died on May 18, was proved on Aug. 23 by Mrs. Sarah Jane Emily Wyatt, the widow, Hugh Richard Penfold Wyatt, the nephew, and George Arthur Flowers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,155. The testator bequeaths part of his household furniture and effects and £1300 per annum (in addition to the £200 per annum secured to her by her marriage settlement) to his wife; other furniture and effects to his nephew Hugh; £100 to his goddaughter, Mary Frances Penfold Wyatt, and legacies to servants. He devises his real estate, upon trust, for his nephew, Hugh Richard Penfold Wyatt, for life, and then to his eldest son and his male issue. The residue of his personal estate is to be held upon like trusts.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1890), with two codicils (dated May 7 and June 2, 1893), of Mr. Augustus Kortright, of Furze Hall, Ingatstone, Essex, who died on March 19, was proved on Aug. 3 by William Colsvet Mounteney Kortright, the son and sole executor, the value of the

personal estate being £31,923. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, and such a sum as with that of her marriage settlement will produce £500 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Mary Kortright, for her life or widowhood; and his plate, wines, horses and carriages, all money standing to his account at Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co. and Messrs. Sparrow, Tuffnell, and Co., and, subject to the interest of his widow, the household furniture and the capital sum to be invested for her, to his son William. He devises his premises called The Tiles to his daughter Caroline, and his second son Charles is to have the choice of Furze Hall or The Hut; the one that is left to his third son, Mounteney. The St. Leonards estate and all other his real property he devises to his son William. The residue of his personal estate he leaves between all his children, his son William taking two shares to the others' one.

The will (dated March 22, 1894), with two codicils (dated May 30, 1894, and Dec. 9, 1896), of Mr. James Stiff, of Suffolk House, 197, Clapham Road, and of the London Pottery, Lambeth, who died on May 18, was proved on Aug. 21 by William Stiff and Ebenezer Stiff, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,843. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Stiff, such furniture and household effects as she may select, and he charges his property, Frogmore, Wandsworth, with the payment of £1000 per annum to her; £1 per week each to his sisters for their respective lives, charged on his Lambeth Walk and China Square properties; and small legacies to relatives, clerks, and servants. He confirms the gift of six cottages and land, called the Stiff

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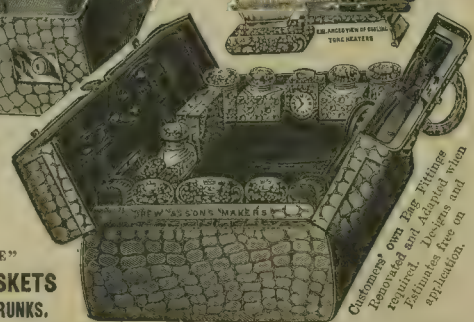
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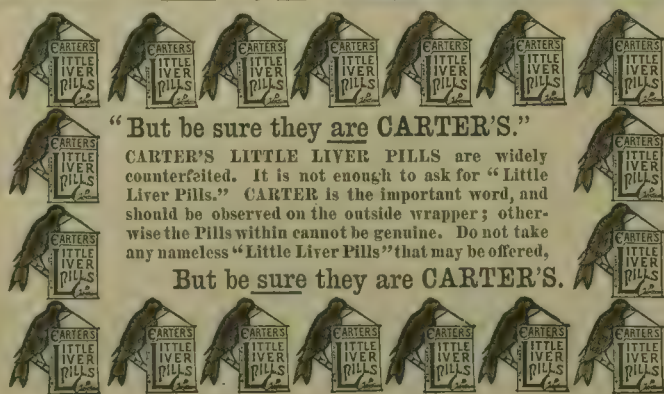
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The will (dated July 10, 1890), with a codicil (dated March 9, 1897), of Mr. Thomas Roope, J.P., formerly of 98, East India Dock Road, and late of 41, Victoria Road, Deal, who died on June 11, was proved on Aug. 16 by Edward Shurman Morris and William Henry Rickatson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16 447. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Congo Baptist Mission Fund, the London Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Reedham Orphan Society, the Deal Dispensary, Dr. Barnardo's Home (Stepney Causeway), the British Home for Incurables (Clapham Rise), the Walmer Auxiliary of the Life-Boat Institution, for the furtherance of any work in connection with the Congregational Church established at Deal, for the furtherance of any work in connection with the Baptist Church (Victoria Road, Deal), to the Rev. Nicholas Dobson (the minister of the last-named

church) for the furtherance of any work in connection with the Ripple Mission Chapel, and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent Road); £1000, upon trust, for his late wife's great-niece, Mary Smith; £5000, upon trust, for Susan Cook; £5000, upon trust, for his nephew, Coriolanus Morgan Williams; and many pecuniary and specific legacies to late wife's relatives and others. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to the said Susan Cook.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1890) of Mr. Arthur Ruscombe Poole, Q.C., Recorder of Bristol, of 1, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, and 12, Chester Place, Hyde Park Square, who died on May 22, was proved on Aug. 10 by Mrs. Margaret Sealy Poole, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £14,398. The testator devises and bequeaths all the real and personal estate to which he is entitled at the time of his death to his wife absolutely.

The will of Mr. James Henry Raper, of 33, Pembroke Square, Kensington, who died on May 19, was proved on

Aug. 14 by Mrs. Amelia Eliza Raper, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £3609.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, M.P. for Dundalk 1846-47, Waterford 1847-48, and Tralee 1853-63, the youngest son of "the Liberator," of Clapham Road and the Reform Club, who died on June 4 intestate, have been granted to Mrs. Ellen O'Connell, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1359.

Death by a stroke of lightning, which on Aug. 25, at Guildford, killed Major T. C. Jameson, son of Colonel Jameson, of Hulford House, was accompanied by extraordinary marks of the violence of the electric current. The unfortunate gentleman was gathering mushrooms in an open field. The lightning seems to have torn its way from head to foot down through the whole of his body and both legs, rending all his clothes and boots to mere shreds.

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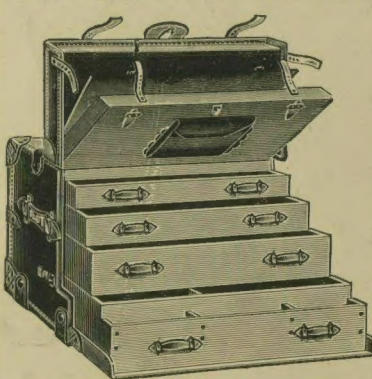
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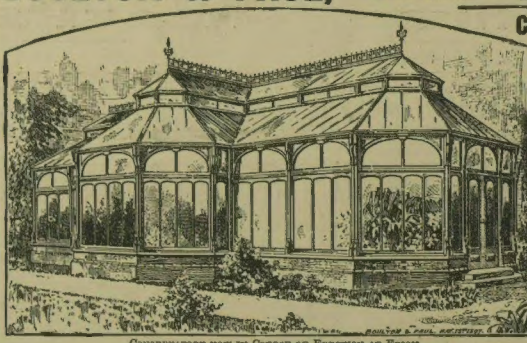
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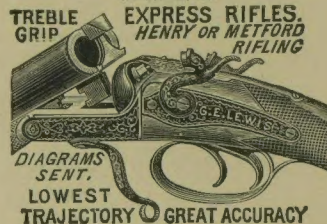
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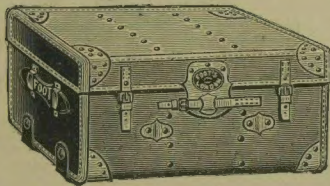
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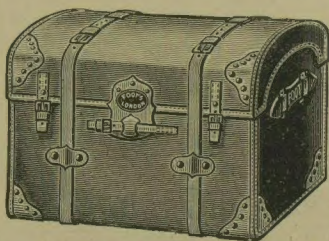
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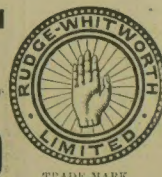
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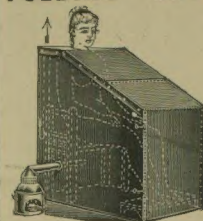
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| No. | TITLE.                               | Artist's Name.         | Description. | Size.            |
|-----|--------------------------------------|------------------------|--------------|------------------|
| 1   | Peers Spiritual                      | T. Walter Wilson, R.I. | Monochrome   | 24 by 14         |
| 2   | Lambeth Palace: from the River       | A. Quinton             | Pencil       | 10 by 6          |
| 3   | Lambeth Palace: the Gateway          | A. Quinton             | "            | 10 by 7          |
| 4   | "Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New"  | F. Davidson            | Monochrome   | 10 by 14         |
| 5   | Guard-room, Lambeth Palace           | A. Quinton             | Pencil       | 7 1/2 by 9 1/2   |
| 6   | Lollards' Tower, Lambeth Palace      | A. Quinton             | "            | 5 1/2 by 6       |
| 7   | St. Mary Magdalene, Canterbury       | A. Quinton             | "            | 5 1/2 by 6 1/2   |
| 8   | Christ Church Gate, Canterbury       | A. Quinton             | "            | 7 1/2 by 6 1/2   |
| 9   | The Deanery, Canterbury              | A. Quinton             | "            | 7 1/2 by 6 1/2   |
| 10  | West Gate, Canterbury                | A. Quinton             | "            | 7 1/2 by 6 1/2   |
| 11  | St. John's Hospital Gate, Canterbury | A. Quinton             | "            | 6 1/2 by 5 1/2   |
| 12  | Westgate Tavern, Canterbury          | A. Quinton             | "            | 4 1/2 by 5       |
| 13  | Cattle Market, Waltham Abbey         | A. Quinton             | "            | 7 1/2 by 5 1/2   |
| 14  | Bits of Cambridge                    | Will B. Robinson       | Pen and Ink  | 12 1/2 by 16 1/2 |
| 15  | University Boat Houses, Cambridge    | A. Quinton             | Monochrome   | 8 by 6 1/2       |
| 16  | Sunday Morning                       | Charles Vigor          | "            | 11 1/2 by 14     |
| 17  | The First Lesson                     | Gunning King           | "            | 10 by 12         |
| 18  | Orphans                              | W. Rainey              | "            | 12 1/2 by 16 1/2 |
| 19  | The Healing Hand of Time             | W. Rainey              | "            | 12 by 16         |
| 20  | "Some Enemy Hath Done This!"         | E. R. King             | "            | 12 by 18         |
| 21  | A Knotty Point                       | W. H. C. Groome        | "            | 10 by 13 1/2     |
| 22  | H.M.S. Northampton                   | Fred T. Jane           | "            | 11 1/2 by 8 1/2  |
| 23  | Entrance Gate, Bharus                | A. Forester            | "            | 19 by 13 1/2     |
| 24  | Borrowed Plumes                      | Alf J. Johnson         | "            | 9 1/2 by 12 1/2  |
| 25  | Shopping                             | Alf J. Johnson         | "            | 9 1/2 by 13      |
| 26  | Cardigan Hemp Winding                | H. R. Robertson        | "            | 12 by 8          |
| 27  | "Will He No Come Back Again?"        | Davidson Knowles       | "            | 10 by 13 1/2     |
| 28  | The Clerk of the Weather             | Davidson Knowles       | "            | 13 1/2 by 17 1/2 |
| 29  | The Twelfth                          | W. Foster              | "            | 13 1/2 by 9      |
| 30  | Dismantled                           | A. Quinton             | "            | 10 by 12         |
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| 34  | The Woman in White                   | Fred Pegram            | "            | 8 1/2 by 12 1/2  |
| 35  | Venice                               | A. Forester            | "            | 6 1/2 by 9       |
| 36  | Hendley Regatta                      | Tom Taylor             | "            | 23 1/2 by 16     |
| 37  | Beginners                            | Alf J. Johnson         | "            | 9 by 13          |
| 38  | Swinging                             | Alf J. Johnson         | "            | 8 by 11          |
| 39  | Chefoo, China                        | W. Simpson             | "            | 11 1/2 by 6 1/2  |
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| 41  | The Lesson                           | Alf J. Johnson         | "            | 10 by 13 1/2     |
| 42  | La Boulangerie                       | H. R. Robertson        | "            | 9 1/2 by 12 1/2  |
| 43  | Bad News                             | A. Forester            | "            | 11 1/2 by 8 1/2  |
| 44  | London Pool                          | Charles J. de Lacy     | "            | 15 1/2 by 21 1/2 |
| 45  | Straw Plaiting                       | Davidson Knowles       | "            | 10 by 14         |
| 46  | Famine Stricken                      | J. Schünberg           | "            | 11 1/2 by 8 1/2  |
| 47  | Home Again!                          | J. Bernard Partridge   | Pen and Ink  | 11 by 9          |
| 48  | Foreign Devils                       | A. Forester            | Monochrome   | 7 1/2 by 9 1/2   |
| 49  | A Fair Passage                       | T. Sadler              | "            | 11 1/2 by 8 1/2  |
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